TOUR

of the

ISLE of WIGHT.

The Drawings taken & engraved in Aquatinta

By J. HASSELL.

"I wish I had been with you to see the Isle of Wight."

Johnson.

Vol II.

LONDON

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1790.

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THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE DRAWINGS TAKEN AND ENGRAVED

BY J. HASSELL.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

I wiſh I had been with you to ſee the Iſle of Wight. JOHNSON.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY JOHN JARVIS;

FOR THOMAS HOOKHAM, IN NEW BOND-STREET.

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A LITTLE farther on we came to that beautiful ſpot, the cottage of St. Boniface; the ſummer reſidence of colonel Hill. This building, which is chiefly of brick, is neat and plain; and the grounds round it, though not large, are well laid out.

To thoſe who delight in the pleaſures of retirement, and can reliſh the ſocial enjoyments of a few friends, and a ſmall family, I know not where to point out a place better adapted to ſuch purpoſes than the cottage of St. Boniface. It is ſo retired, that it might almoſt be ſtiled a hermitage; and at the

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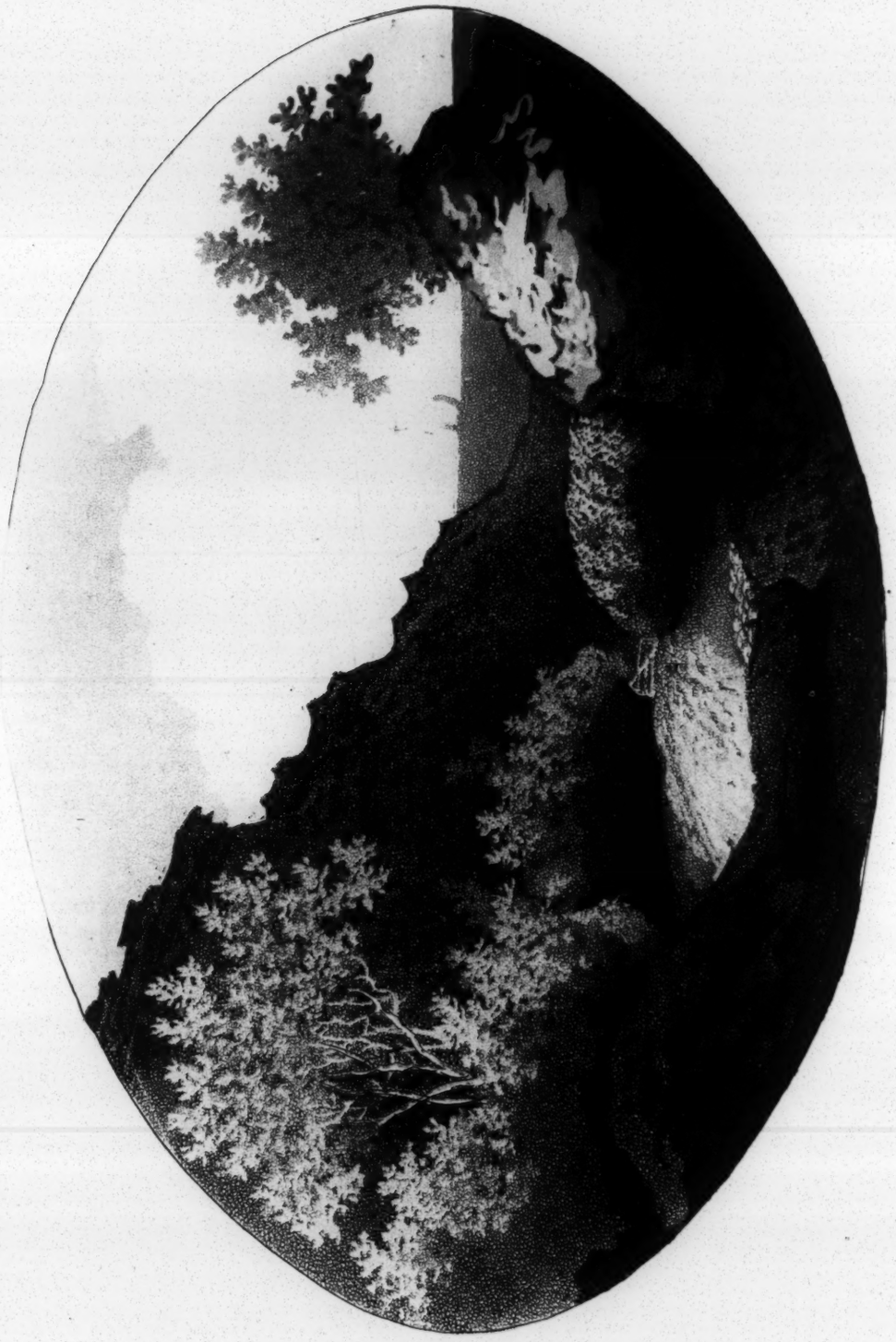
ſame time it boaſts of all that Nature can beſtow.—Vegetation thrives here with the utmoſt luxuriance.—The downs at its back, ſhelter it from the north; and the ſtunted branches of ſome ſcattered oaks and ſucklings, ſhade it from the ſouth.

There are few places of antiquity but what have ſome extraordinary ſtories told of them. Among thoſe circulated in this neighbourhood, is the following.—A gentleman miſtaking his road during a heavy ſnow, and deſcending, in conſequence of it, the ſteep down of St. Boniface, on horſeback, he was ſo affected by the danger he was in, that he vowed if ever he reached the bottom of the hill in ſafety, he would, as a memento of the kindneſs of Providence, purchaſe the land and preſent it to the church of Shanklin: And we were informed by Mr. Hewſon, the preſent incumbent, that a ſmall parcel of land, of about an acre, was given to the living, as ſuppoſed in conſequence of that vow.

It is truly laughable to ſee the manner in



in which the ſhepherds boys, when deſired, deſcend theſe ſteeps. Seating themſelves on the head-bone of a dead horſe, they guide themſelves down the ſteepeſt declivities with incomparable art, and with the velocity of a ſtag. Nor was any accident ever known to have happened to them, though the tops of ſome of theſe downs are little ſhort of a mile from the ſea.

On this rural and romantic ſpot are ſeveral ſprings, the water of which is of the pureſt kind. Theſe ſprings empty themſelves into the ſea, and form ſmall caſcades.

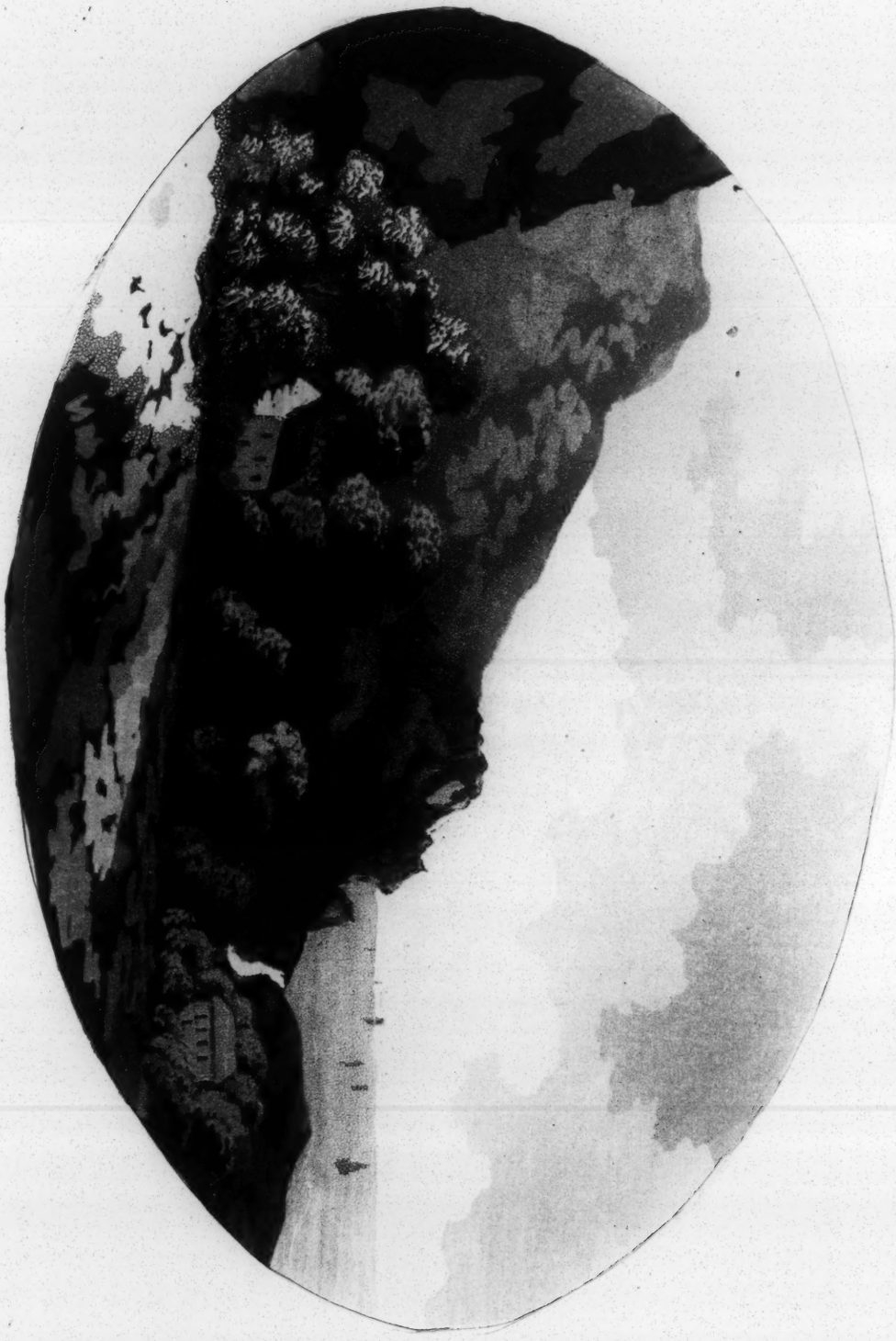
From this place we returned to the main road, and continued our route through Bonchurch, the name of which ſeems to be an abbreviation of the church of St. Boniface. The cottages that compoſe this place are ſtrewed in a very picturesque manner. They are conſtructed of ſtone, with patches of ſlate and brick, and are all thatched. The village is nearly ſurrounded with trees, and harmonizes ſweetly with the oppoſite cliffs.

Here the downs of Bonchurch begin; and they ſkirt the heights for a conſiderable diſtance. Very few cattle are kept upon the adjacent farms; ſcarcely ever more than are ſufficient for their own uſe. The reaſon given for this by the farmers, is the want of hay to fodder them with during the winter. But that want, in my opinion, might eaſily be remedied, if proper attention were paid to this part of agriculture.

The downs of Bonchurch now ſwept to the left, and preſented a new ſcene to us. Dunnoſe point was the firſt head land towards the ſea, on our right. The downs of Shanklin joined thoſe of Bonchurch to the left, and formed a perfect amphitheatre.

The chine of Luccombe, or, as the country people call it, Bowlhoop, was the next place we viſited. Sweeping round the brow of the downs, we entered the valley near Luccombe farm, and made our way to the chine.

This



This cavity is by no means ſo deep or terrific as Black-gang chine, being variegated with ſhrubs and trees. It is indeed rather too much ſo, as they prevent you from viewing a water-fall which meanders from ſeveral ſprings in the dale. The deſcent of the chine to the ſea is very ſteep, and in a wet ſeaſon impaſſible. On the top of it ſtands a cottage, ſequeſtered in a ſmall wood. A ſmall wooden bridge croſſes the chine to it, underneath which the ripling water has a pleaſing effect.

A great quantity of copperas appears to be impregnated with the earth, by the green colours that lie intermixed on its ſurface. And on the ſhore are likewiſe quantities of iron ore, which has been tried, but the quality found not equal to the expence that would attend working it.

The cliffs of theſe parts, and round about Dunnoſe, conſiſt of black and brown clay, hurtful to the ſight, and hapleſs to the ſeamen. The principal uſe made of this chine, is ſaid to be that of a receptacle for ſmuggled

gled goods; many hundred caſks of which are ſometimes ſecreted in its cavities, and there ſecurely concealed. But, through the attention of the revenue officers, this has of late been in a great meaſure put a ſtop to.

Re-aſcending this chine, we purſued the track that led to Luccombe farm, the appearance of which from the valley is by no means deſpicable. The vale is ſurrounded by the downs before mentioned, and well wooded.—The ſummits of the downs, when the clouds are low, and roll on their ſurface, produce a charming effect; and at the ſame time leave the mind in a ſtate of doubt as to their real altitude.—This induced me to take the annexed view.

The evening ſcenes here are never equally pleaſing to thoſe of the morning; which may be attributed to the ſoft effects of the ſun being loſt, through the interference of the mountains, long before its decline.

We enjoyed this view with every advantage a fine evening could produce.—The farm houſe was pleaſantly encircled with wood,

wood, and juſt preſented a ſufficiency for the ſubject;—a broken ſtone wall, with ſhrubs, having taken off the lower parts from the eye;—while the ſmoke iſſuing from the chimney of the houſe glanced the wood, and ſoaring up the hills, blended at laſt with the clouds which hovered on the mountain's brow. On our left the rocks had a pleaſing effect, and cloſed the view on that ſide.

We now made for the downs of Shanklin, which are before ſaid to have miraculouſly increaſed in their height, and where every ſatisfaction might be received, as to views, that the iſland can poſſibly beſtow.

Our firſt ſight, taken from Smerdon beacon, was Appuldurcombe, that ſeat of Sir Richard Worſley, which lies at the bottom of his park. The woods at its back, from this point of ſight, are apparently very thin of trees; but the houſe, though a bird's-eye view, is pleaſant; as alſo is the artificial caſtle, known by the name of Cook's Caſtle, which ſtands oppoſite to it. The

downs of Bonchurch and St. Boniface range down to the park, and form a circular receſs.

The principal objects in the valley are Wroxall farms, which in ſome meaſure alleviate the drearineſs of the hills. Rather more to the north, the valley opens, and preſents Godſhill ;—and traverſing your eye ſtill more towards the north, it expands itſelf, and at once diſplays the chief part of the iſland. This moſt luxuriant dale extends entirely from Appuldurcombe to the mouth of Cowes road, after paſſing between Cariſbrook and Arreton hills.

Here the downs of the latter reared their heads to cloſe the eaſtern valley.—They range almoſt to Brading, where declining their regular lines, they introduce the creek of Fiſhborne and Brading harbour to the right ; while Foreland point appears the extremity to the eaſt.

The eye ſtill roving, Culver cliffs drop their heights towards the bay of Sandown; where

where the valley again begins, and leads to the centre of the iſland ; and there turning round the hills between Godſhill and Black Down, it enters the vale of Brixton. The Needles to the weſt form the other extremity.

From the extenſiveneſs of theſe views, notwithſtanding we were now convinced that the hill of St. Catherine's is the higheſt land, we are of opinion that this is the better ſpot for taking a general view of the iſland. The channel of the Solent is perfectly viſible from it, and there is likewiſe a clear view of Southampton ; whereas theſe from St. Catherine's were intercepted by Black down. Spithead, and all the coaſt of Suſſex, are likewiſe clearly and diſtinctly ſeen from hence.

The evening advancing, the clouds began to gather round the whole iſland, though ſcarcely a breath of air was perceptible. Not an evening paſſed while we were in this part of it but we obſerved the ſame extraordinary appearance in the atmoſphere

to take place. Juſt where the ſun had ſet, a ſmall gleam of red was viſible; in every other part a gloom appeared that almoſt ſeemed to threaten a general diſſolution. A heavy black vaporous body dragged itſelf lingeringly from the eaſt; while a confuſed miſty cloud, that hung over the ſouthern hills, ſeemed but to delay its fury till the other was ripe to aſſiſt it in convulſing the earth.

Struck with a phœnomenon which we had obſerved conſtantly to attend the cloſing in of the evening, we waited ſome time near the Beacon, to ſee the event of it; when ſuddenly the clouds became rent into a thouſand fragments, all of which haſtily diſperſing, ſunk below the horizon. From what cauſe ſo extraordinary a circumſtance proceeded, I will not pretend to ſay: leaving the ſolution to abler meteorologiſts, I ſhall content myſelf with the foregoing repreſentation of what repeatedly caught our attention during the month of September, but which, from its frequency and harmleſſneſs, might not have been thought worthy of notice by the people of the iſland.

Croſſing

Croſſing the downs, we now entered the road to Shanklin. As you approach this village, its vicinity is finely diverſified with wood and common; and the woods are particularly well ſtocked with wild pigeons, whoſe plaintive notes on a ſummer's evening lull the mind into a pleaſing melancholy. The ſhyneſs of theſe birds renders it very difficult to ſhoot them.

On this tract of common, a few oaks, irregularly ſupporting each other, ſhelter a ſpring that falls into the beginning of Shanklin chine; which is every where, till it reaches its main body, ſhaded by aſhes and elms, whoſe pleaſing irregularity forms many charming groups. It paſſes through a ſmall artificial arch, made of ſtone, and forms a caſcade; but as its channel here does not exceed three feet, and is very ſhallow, it is but when the rains are violent that it deſerves the name of a caſcade.

The firſt part of the village of Shanklin, as you enter it by the way we did, contains the church, which is ſituated in the middle

of Mr. Jolliffe's farm-yard, generally called Shanklin farm, from its being the largeſt in the pariſh.

Too many are the beauties of this place to be deſcribed in the ſpace we can allot for it.—The village is loſt to the ſight, in a perfect wilderneſs.—The aſh trees, by which it is ſurrounded, are equal in beauty to any in England; they dart their ſtately branches to the higheſt pitch that conſtitutes grandeur, and line the chine from its beginning to the principal caſcade. In the courſe of the rivulet before mentioned, ſeveral ſmall ſprings join it; when it precipitately ruſhes on to the end of the aſh grove, where, in one body, it enters a chaſm cleft in the earth, and now forms the beſt caſcade we had as yet ſeen.

The village of Shanklin affords every gratification a liberal mind can wiſh for. Few places can boaſt of greater happineſs. Its inhabitants are like one large family: ill nature is not known among them.—Obliging in the extreme, they appear to be the

the happieſt when their viſitants are beſt pleaſed.

Was there a poſſibility of procuring a bathing machine at this place, there is no doubt but the well-known hoſpitality to be found at the houſe of Mrs. Williams, would attract numbers to partake of the pleaſures of this heavenly ſpot. Under her peaceful roof the traveller may be accommodated with every convenience a village can afford; and even luxury itſelf might find its cravings gratified.

The only alloy to their happineſs the inhabitants are ſenſible of, is the uncertainty of the tenure of that happineſs. Doubtful of ever reaping the fruits of their induſtry, they meet with little encouragement to render their lands as productive as they might be made; the leaſes by which they are held being only granted for three lives, unrenewable; when theſe are extinct, they devolve to the original landlord. And in the ſame manner is the ſpirit of induſtry damped in all this part of the Iſle of Wight.

The

The chine being the principal object here that attracts the notice of travellers, I took the annexed faint ſketch of it during a very heavy rain.—The mouth of it, towards the ſea, appears to have been rent by ſome ſudden eruption of over-loaded Nature; and the effects of this concuſſion extend for full a quarter of a mile, in a line to the village, where its progreſs was probably ſtopped by the ſolidity of the rock.

A flight of ſteps has been made in the chine for the convenience of the inhabitants, in order that they might aſcend and deſcend with the greater eaſe. A gentleman of the iſland, in a tour round it, has aſſerted, (believing, or being betrayed by the country people into the belief of it,) that theſe were not artificial ſteps, but occaſioned by the eruption. They would have impoſed the ſame deception on us; but when they ſaw that we treated the idea with ridicule, they candidly acknowledged that it was their cuſtom to endeavour to deceive ſtrangers in this point. On a ſmall level, half way down towards the ſea, ſtands a fiſher-

a fiſherman's hut, which has the charm of relieving the moſt rugged appearance of the cliffs.

Mr. Fitzmaurice, who once reſided here, we underſtood, was at the expence of making a road to the waterfall; but from the water that ravages the bottom of the chine, and the violence of the wind in the winter, it ſoon became impaſſable.

The bottom ſtill continues firm, and we ventured as far as the caſcade. Many clumps of earth, which have fallen from the promontories that form its declivities, obſtruct the paſſage. We found it to be well covered with plants and ſhrubs, that negligently break the career of the ſtream.

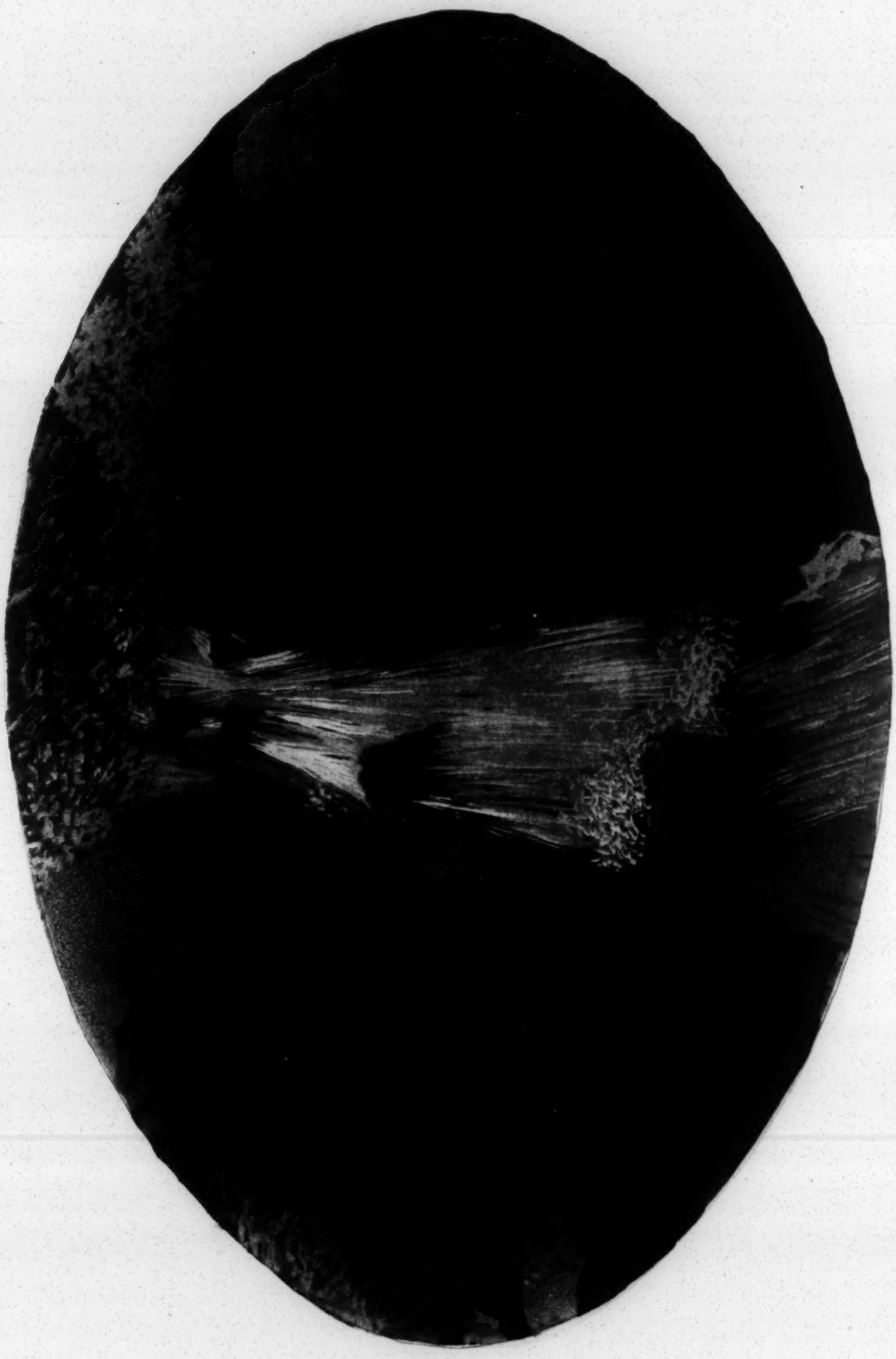
The chine has four turns before it reaches the waterfall, all of which bear a proportionable degree of that ſublime awfulneſs ſuch a ſcene naturally inſpires. When we had reached its extremeſt limits, the fall exhibited more grandeur, and cleared itſelf of the precipice with greater boldneſs

and

and majeſty, than we had ever ſeen in any before. A few ſhrubs hang on its ſides, and ſip the ſpray ariſing from the agitated foam, the ſprinklings of which produce that vernal moſſy bloom that ſo often contraſts the other vegetation, and doubles its wonted ſplendour.

It ſcarcely admits of a doubt, but that Shanklin chine, like the others, is a rent in the rock, occaſioned by that internal combuſtible matter which reduced the whole of them to their preſent ſtate. Its ſides are ſtrongly impregnated with iron, copperas, and ſulphur. About one-third of the way from its head there is a chalybeate ſpring, with an unuſual ſcum on its ſurface, and a ſediment of iron in its channel.

While here, we were convinced, from ocular demonſtration, of the effect the rain has on this ſtream. At ſuch times the body of water is very conſiderably increaſed, and the waterfall ſo ſwells, as to become an object worthy the notice of the curious. It pours



pours down through all the foregoing channel, and ruſhes with violence into the ſea.

The beach here has a fine ſandy bottom, entirely free from rocks or ſtones; which renders it a very deſirable place for bathing. To the right, a well-known hill, called Horſe Lodge, projects into the ſea, and forms the ſouthern extremity of Sandown bay, binding behind it the point of Dunnoſe. On the left it is bounded by Culver cliffs, and affords a fine receſs for ſmall veſſels during a gale of wind.

The ſpots moſt diſtinguiſhable from the chine are Sandown fort, and the ſeat of Mr. Wilkes. The ſituation of the latter appears from hence to be extremely pleaſant, and to command very extenſive views.

Returning from the chine to the village of Shanklin, a ſpace of about half a mile, through corn fields, we had another view of that place; but, as before obſerved, there is little of it to be ſeen; the ſight being ob-

ſtructed by the lofty trees which ſurround it. The down behind it, whoſe ſides are well wooded, terminate the view.

To add to the beauty of this ſpot, an uncommon number of ſinging birds, of various ſorts, haunt the ſequeſtered vale, and, by their ſweet notes, give a chearfulneſs to every returning morn. I muſt not omit to mention one circumſtance which redounds to the honour of the inhabitants of Shanklin.—So ſenſible are they of the value of liberty, that, during my ſtay here, I did not obſerve a bird to be immured in a cage throughout the whole place.

Ungrateful muſt be thoſe who, enjoying freedom themſelves, and ſenſible of the value of it, ſhall refuſe it to the ſweet choriſters, whoſe carols afford them ſo much pleaſure. Aſk the captive, that, naked and forlorn, lingers out a miſerable exiſtence in a loathſome cell, the gnawing fetters rending his fleſh, and hunger wearing him to the bone; and he will tell you, that freedom is the gift of Nature to all her children, without exception;

ception; and inhuman muſt be thoſe who deprive even the feathered race of that right. Or, as Thomſon much better deſcribes the inhumanity of confining birds in cages:

" Be not the muſe aſhamed here to bemoan
" Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man
" Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
" From liberty confin'd, and boundleſs air.
" Dull are the pretty ſlaves, their plumage dull,
" Ragged, and all its bright'ning luſtre loſt;
" Nor is that ſprightly wildneſs in their notes,
" Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
" O then, ye friends of love and love-taught ſong,
" Spare the ſoft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
" If, on your boſom innocence can win,
" Muſic engage, or piety perſuade."

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

When we had returned to our place of reſidence for the night, a ſcene preſented itſelf that, had it fallen under the inſpection of Mr. Wright, would have received ample juſtice from the maſterly touches of his pencil.

A parcel of countrymen, who had juſt returned from the harveſt field, had ſought

the ſhelter of a ſhady retreat on the green plot which ſtands before the houſe, in order to wipe the ſweat of induſtry from their honeſt brows, and to regale themſelves after the fatigues of a ſultry day. In all that careleſſneſs peculiar to theſe people, they had happily grouped themſelves, and in ſuch a poſition that the light of a glimmering taper ſhone full on their faces, and produced a fine effect.

At the ſame time, near the extremity of the branches that ſheltered the ruſtics, the moon, darting her ſilver beams on part of the houſe, and playing on the boughs of the trees, gently glided away to the ſea, and caught every returning wave as it roſe. On the left, the cliffs of Culver were plainly diſcernable through the trees, and ſeemed to have combined their charms to heighten the ſcene, and delight the imagination. For near an hour not a ſingle cloud obſtructed this pleaſing light, but every inſtant added freſh beauties to the landſcape.

SECTION XV.

LEAVING Shanklin, we paſſed the village of Lake, and made for the ſeat of John Wilkes, Eſq. This villa, though not large, has every requiſite to make it a deſirable abode. The houſe is rather low; it is however extenſive, having had many improvements made to it by its preſent proprietor; whoſe judgment and taſte in all the elegancies of life are well known. It ſtands on an eminence, and commands the whole proſpect of Sandown Bay.

The greateſt deficiency obſervable here is the want of wood; that would give it a preference to moſt other parts of the iſland. But the trees around Mr. Wilkes's manſion do not thrive to his wiſhes.

The inſide of the houſe is plain, but elegantly fitted up, and abounding with every convenience that can tend to the accommodation of a family. On the right ſide of it a marquée is erected, which ſerves for a ſummer

ſummer houſe, and, for taſte, is equal to any thing of the kind we had ever ſeen. Several curious engravings from the antique, grace its ſides; and we ſaw ſeveral others lying on the tables; but the latter were not ſo well executed as thoſe hung up. At the farther end of the marquée, over a ſpecimen of conjugal felicity in baſſo relievo, is the following inſcription, engraved on a marble tablet:

To filial Piety
and
Mary Wilkes.
Erected by
John Wilkes,
1789.

The gardens are well laid out, and compenſate in a great meaſure for the want of wood; and the young ſhrubberies now around it bid fair to ſupply that loſs, and to complete the beauty of this deſirable ſpot.

Few of the gentlemen who reſort to this iſland on ſummer excurſions but what muſt

remark

remark the wonderful contraſts of it; and I muſt again obſerve, that were a ſtranger to be taken from Allum Bay, or Under Cliff, and placed here, he would imagine he was got into a different country.

Between this place and Shanklin, within the laſt twenty years, the ſea has intruded full thirty feet on the land. The broken ground throughout the whole of the way from Small Hopes to Shanklin chine, is a ſufficient proof of the truth of this obſervation.

Our next deſtination was to Sandown fort. This fort commands the bay from which it takes its name. It is a low ſquare building, flanked by four baſtions, and encompaſſed by a ditch. The lowneſs of it ſecures it againſt any attacks by ſea, as the ſhots from the ſhips paſs over it. During the laſt war ſeveral privateers entered the bay, and attempted to deſtroy it, but were not able to ſucceed in the attempt; beating down a few chimnies was the height of their atchievements. It was repaired, not many

years

years ago, at a conſiderable expence; and there are ſeveral maſter-gunners, with a ſmall garriſon in it; ſo that this part of the coaſt is defended by it, during a war, from the attacks of an enemy.

From Sandown we made for Yaverland; a ſmall village ſituated at the foot of Brading downs. In our way we coaſted the cliffs of Culver, the inhabitants of which are chiefly gulls and pigeons. From the latter it receives its name, culfre being the Saxon word for a pigeon. Formerly this kind of birds were more numerous on theſe rocks than any other ſpecies, but they are of late much decreaſed; many of them however ſtill remain.

Looking back, we had now an advantageous view of the downs we had croſſed the preceding day.—Appuldercombe houſe was perfectly diſcernible, as was alſo the view from it of Brading harbour; which few would have imagined. The valley opened between the downs of Brading and Yaverland, and preſented the harbour of

of the former, with the road of St. Helen's. The ſpot of wood called Queen-bower, was very conſpicuous to the ſight; while the extremity of the vale apparently cloſed at Black Down and Gatecombe hills.

Purſuing our way ſtill by the ſea ſide, we came to the Foreland, the eaſternmoſt point of the iſland. From thence we met with nothing of novelty till we reached Bimbridge point, where the entrance of Brading haven commences. The adjacent land is well wooded, and very agreeable to the view.

The haven conſiſts of an extenſive tract of marſh land, amounting to upwards of eight hundred acres. It is covered every tide by the ſea, which flows through a narrow paſſage. Many attempts have been made to procure a conſtant entrance into this haven for ſhips of burden, but without ſucceſs; the ſand being driven in as faſt as it is cleared away. From this circumſtance, one of the ſecureſt and moſt extenſive harbours in the channel, wherein the ſhips at Spithead and St. Helen's might find a ready

retreat, in caſe of neceſſity, is unfortunately rendered uſeleſs.

We now traverſed the banks of the harbour, and ſkirted its borders, as near as the road would allow. From its woody banks and cheerful aſpect the tranſparent water receives every pleaſing impreſſion they can poſſibly beſtow. Two houſes, genteel in their appearance, lay to our right; while Nunwell, the ſeat of the ancient family of Sir William Oglander, faces the harbour.

From hence we ſtill kept to the left, wiſhing to have a perfect view of the marſhes of Brading, as well as thoſe of Sandown. From the latter the iſland receives every advantage ſuch a tract of land can yield, the greateſt part of it being appropriated to the cultivation of corn. It is well watered, and a ſmall river runs through it, that keeps it in a continual ſtate of verdure. A great number of cattle are grazed upon it; Nature having happily

happily furniſhed this bleſſed ſpot with a profuſion of the ſweeteſt herbage.

The valley leads down to Newchurch; a place we intend to viſit before we leave this iſland, but ſhall not be able to include it in the Tour we are now on, round the coaſts. On our right-hand the oppoſite ſhores of the lake were no contemptible object, clad as they were in Autumn's gayeſt veſt. The water infringing on this ſide as well as on the other, we had all its diverſified effects. This vale furniſhes paſture for a conſiderable number of cattle, but not proportionable to that of Sandown.

Once more entering the road, we purſued our way to Brading, with a deſign to courſe the ſhores of the oppoſite ſide of the harbour. Brading, though one of the largeſt towns in the iſland, has not a ſingle object about it to render it the ſubject of particular attention. It is merely a town, without any of that diverſity moſt others have. Even its church is obliterated by the ill-judged carefulneſs of the worthy overſeers; and what

once might have invited, now diſguſts the ſight.

Meeting with nothing to detain us in the town, we paſſed through it, and purſued the right-hand road, in order to track the boundaries of its lake on the ſide, of which we had had a view in the morning; and having travelled about half a mile towards the north, we ſtruck away to St. Helen's.

The ſouthern ſhores of the harbour are far pleaſanter to view than its northern. Breaks between the mountains introduce the main valley of the iſland, with a diſtinct view of ſir Richard Worſley's ſeat, and the hill of St. Catherine's. The vale before mentioned extending from Appuldurcombe houſe, had greater beauties than in any point of view we had hitherto ſeen it. The trees fell charmingly into each other, and formed ſmall coppices; while the downs, which ſurrounded it, roſe with more than common grandeur.

The bay of Brading takes ſeveral fine ſweeps,

ſweeps, and moſt pleaſantly contraſts the ſcenes.—Many woody promontories run into the harbour, and gives grace to its boundaries.—The road to St. Helen's is on both ſides lined with trees, which renders it delightful.—We found much greater appearance of nobleneſs here, in every path we purſued, than the oppoſite vallies had to boaſt.—To our left the country was chiefly wood.—The road to Ride, throughout the whole way, was covered with oaks, which, as they were juſt aſſuming the autumnal colouring, ſhone with unſpeakable ſplendor.

The village of St. Helen's conſiſts of a few ſcattered huts, conſtructed chiefly of ſtone, and thatched. It is not improbable, from ſome ancient accounts, but that it was formerly of much greater conſequence than it is at preſent. There is a large farm in the pariſh ſtill called the Priory, it having been a cell to an abbey of Cluniac monks in Normandy. The old church was ſituated ſo near the ſea that it was endangered by its incroachments, upon which account a brief was obtained by the inhabitants for erecting

a new

a new one, about the beginning of the preſent century.

There are ſeveral quarries near this village, from which the materials are procured wherewith all the buildings for the lower ranks, in this quarter of the iſland, are conſtructed.

The air is remarkably healthy and clear; and what is no leſs obſervable, pleaſure and tranquillity ſeem to brighten every countenance. From what ſource it proceeds I will not pretend to ſay, but the inhabitants of this iſland appear to poſſeſs a fund of cheerfulneſs and good-humour, that is not ſo conſpicuous in any other part of his majeſty's dominions.

The farmers in general are a ſocial, hoſpitable, and worthy ſet of people; and many of them by their induſtry and attention, have acquired very conſiderable fortunes. If there be any degradation to their character, it is that of moiſtening their clay with too copious draughts of potent liquors. This propenſity

propenſity however is not partial, but predominates throughout the whole iſland; and it might be urged in extenuation of it, that the nature of their ſoil, and the intenſe heat of their ſummers, allow of a greater exceſs in this point than many parts of England. It is a foible that commences with their earlieſt years, and "growing with their growth," few of the farmers on the mother iſland, ſeaſoned as moſt of them are, would be able to cope with thoſe of the Iſle of Wight.

The convenience of St. Helen's is well known to all outward-bound ſhips paſſing through the channel, as moſt of them take in here their live ſtock for ſea; poultry being extremely cheap, and all other proviſions proportionably ſo.

Through the efficacy of a bill procured by the gentlemen of the iſland for ſecuring the farmers from the depredations of foxes, badgers, polecats, and other noxious animals, the iſland is kept very free from them. Even to let one of them looſe is an offence puniſhable

puniſhable with tranſportation; for were they once to take root in the iſland, from the number of coverts in the cliffs, &c. it would be nearly impoſſible to extirpate them.

While we were there, we were informed that a fox, which had been reared from a cub by a gentleman near Newchurch, broke his chain, and made his eſcape to the cliffs of Shanklin; where, as uſual, he lay concealed in the day time, and committed his depredations during the night. At length being luckily detected in carrying off ſome poultry from Shanklin farm, he was ſhot; and this is the only inſtance of any miſchief being done by theſe animals for a great number of years;—I believe within the memory of the oldeſt inhabitant.

At the bottom of the hill of St. Helen's a land mark is placed as a guide to mariners; from which Dover Point binds the entrance to the harbour of Brading. This point is near half a mile from the foot of the hill where the village of St Helen's ſtands, and

is

is covered chiefly with ſand and furze. This is the point that choaks the harbour, and obſtructs the entrance of ſhips of burden.

From this view the harbour appears like a lake.—The land cloſes it from hence on all ſides; and makes an excellent ſtudy.—The woody ſcreens of St. Helen's run all the way along its banks to Brading, where it is joined by thoſe that incircle the town.—Nunwell woods blend in the back-ground with thoſe of Brading, and freſhen the ſcene.—The valley ſtill continues open, and permits St. Catherine's to form a part of the diſtance.—On the left the water takes large ſweeps round the point of land which falls into its baſon.—The downs of Bimbridge range along the ſhores, and form the ſide-ſcreen.

Outward-bound ſhips not only take in their poultry, &c. here, but likewiſe their water; which is found to be preferable to that of moſt other parts. Eaſt Indiamen have been known to carry it to their deſtined ports, and bring ſome of it back, in as

ſweet a ſtate as when taken from the ſpring. And it has this further advantage, that when at ſea, it recovers itſelf ſooner than any other.

Nettleſtone Priory, which lies about a mile and a half from St. Helen's, became the next object of our viſits. We had entertained hopes of finding ſomething out of the common line, in a place that might be ſupppoſed to bear the venerable remains of antiquity; and indeed the entrance to it quite tranſported us;—a grove of nodding elms towered over the avenue;—but we were not a little ſurpriſed to find theſe expectations ſoon diſappointed. The farm mentioned before (to which it is now converted) has not in its appearance the leaſt trace of its having been the abode of a holy brotherhood. Neither antiquity nor beauty was to be ſeen about it.—Nothing more than a dirty farm-yard preſented itſelf.

Paſſing through this, we entered the garden of Sir Naſh Groſe.—The old manſion, which ſtill retains the name of the priory,

priory, is plain and neat, but ſmall. An additional houſe has lately been begun by that gentleman, and bids fair to prove a very deſirable reſidence.—The proſpects from this ſpot, of the ſea, together with the coaſts of Suſſex and Hampſhire, are very extenſive, and give it the preference in point of ſituation, to many in the iſland.

Near the priory ſeveral ſalt-works are eſtabliſhed, which for convenience exceed the general run of theſe works.

SECTION XVI.

FROM hence we returned through Nettleſtone village, and proceeded towards Ride. The road we now paſſed through is in excellent repair, and the country exhibits a very different aſpect to what it had hitherto done.—Woods, abounding with oaks, encircle the roads and villages.—Theſe oaks, however, are not poſſeſſed of the grandeur of thoſe produced in the New Foreſt. Formerly the Iſle of Wight was chiefly covered with wood; but, from its contiguous ſituation to the dock-yards at Portſmouth, the ſouthern vallies have been conſiderably diſmembered of it.

The ſoil changes here again, and conſiſts of mould, ſand, and gravel. Several graſs farms lie near the road, and clothe the vallies with pleaſanter tints than we had paſſed.

On our right lay St. John's, late the ſeat of Lord Amherſt, but now of Mr. Lake.

The

The houſe ſtands on a riſing ground, and commands very extenſive views. The woody ſcenes of Ride lie before it, with the ſea at its back front. The building is plain, but very neat, and diſplays great taſte; it beſides poſſeſſes every requiſite to make it a complete and commodious manſion. The grounds belonging to it, though not extenſive, are well ſtocked.

From its ſituation, it becomes a very deſirable ſporting lodge; the woods around it affording ſhelter to a great number of hares and pheaſants; and as care is taken to ſecure them from the depredations of poachers, there is ſeldom any want of ſport. The woods likewiſe abounding with ſprings, woodcocks and ſnipes are alſo found here in plenty.

The road proceeds from hence to Ride.—The principal part of this place is termed Upper Ride, which lies on the top of the hill, in a clear pleaſant air. It is a plain and neat village, and has ſeveral well-built houſes in it. A great deal of company reſort

ſort to it during the bathing ſeaſon, the accommodations being nearly equal to thoſe at Cowes; but the principal reaſon for preferring this to the other watering places, is the many fine rides which ſtrike out from it; and, in general, the roads are rather better than in many parts of the iſland.

Lower Ride is a ſtraggling place, and has a nearer reſemblance to the ſubjects Vangoen ſtudied, than to thoſe of any other maſter. Several ſmall veſſels are built here; and the inhabitants are moſtly fiſhermen, and mariners employed in the coaſting trade.

The paſſage from hence to Portſmouth is the neareſt from any part of the iſland.—It is thought to be rather more than ſeven miles acroſs; but the boatmen ſay not quite ſo much. Boats paſs regularly every morning, at ſeven o'clock in the ſummer, and nine in the winter, from hence to Goſport and Portſmouth, to the great convenience of thoſe places; the inhabitants being chiefly ſupplied with their butter, eggs, and poultry,

poultry, from hence, and other parts of the iſland.

Towards the weſtern extremity of the village are the bathing houſes, whoſe ſituation is preferable to any on the oppoſite ſhores, both on account of the pureneſs of the water, and the conveniences. The coaſt off this place is ſhoal for almoſt a mile; ſo that ſhips of burden are prevented from lying near. Every accommodation neceſſary for parties, during the bathing time, is to be procured at Ride; and the pleaſantneſs of its ſituation, and its rides, excluſive of theſe accompaniments, are great inducements for ſtrangers to viſit it.

On the road from Ride to Bimſtead delightful ſcenes frequently preſent themſelves. Before we entered the village, a fine piece of broken ground opened, and gave us the beſt view of Spithead we had as yet ſeen. On both ſides, the oak and the aſh formed beautiful ſcreens, leaving a ſpace juſt ſufficient for the water and diſtance to make a grand appearance.

Many

Many old ſtumps of trees lay ſcattered near the road, that, with a team of horſes, formed a fine group.—The horſes belonged to a farmer, who was loading felled timber on one of thoſe pictureſque long carriages, juſt ſuited to the romantic appearance of the fore-ground ; and which produced as complete a compoſition as could be deſired for ſuch a ſcene.—A well-known favourite ſubject of the late Mr. Gainſborough.

Paſſing Bimſtead, we entered the woods that encircle Quarr Abbey.—Their nobleneſs is grateful to the eye, and gives the mind a finer idea of a true ſketch of Nature than thoſe we had paſſed when we left Nettleſtone Priory.—All was regularly irregular ; and they played off every charm to the greateſt advantage, over a brook, whoſe rapid ſtream murmured againſt the pointed ſurface of the ſtones ; while the boughs kindly condeſcended to ſhade its cool retreat.

Hitherto we had never met with trees on this iſland in ſo thriving a condition as

thoſe which now ſheltered us. An immenſe number of wood pigeons inhabit theſe ſolitary walks, whoſe melancholy notes, added to the ſtill ſilence that reigned throughout the grove, inſpired us with a ſacred awe.—All was huſhed ;—not a leaf was ruffled by the paſſing breeze.—At length we reached the abbey ;

" Where pious beadſmen, from the world retired,
" In bliſsful viſions winged their ſouls to Heaven ;
" While future joys their ſober tranſports fir'd,
" They wept their erring days, and were forgiv'n.

" Where burn the gorgeous altars laſting fires?
" Where frowns the dreadful ſanctuary now ?
" No more Religion's awful flame aſpires!
" No more th' aſylum guards the fated brow!

" No more ſhall Charity, with ſparkling eyes
" And ſmiles of welcome, wide unfold the door,
" Where Pity, liſt'ning ſtill to Nature's cries,
" Befriends the wretched, and relieves the poor!"

KEATE.

This celebrated abbey was founded in the reign of Henry the Firſt, by Baldwin Earl of Devon, and was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The monks by which it was inhabited were removed from Savigny,

in Normandy, and were among the firſt of the Ciſtertian order that came into England. It probably received its name of Quarr, or, as it is called in ſome of the old grants, Quarraria, from the ſtone quarries that are in its neighbourhood.

It was anciently encircled by a wall, near a mile in circumference, the veſtiges of which ſtill remain. At its back nods a venerable grove that gives ſolemnity to the ſcene; and from it there is an opening to the ſea, which furniſhed the holy fathers with an opportunity of contemplating the wonders of the deep.

The greateſt part of this ancient building is demoliſhed; a few of the walls only ſtill remain. The architecture, as far as can be now judged of, was a mixture of Saxon and Gothic. The church or chapel of the monaſtery may yet be traced at the eaſt end; and ſome vaulted cellars are diſcernible at the weſt end. Of the walls that are ſtanding, ſome are converted into barns, by being

covered

covered with thatch, and others degraded into ſties and ſtables.

The farm-houſe adjoining to it is a modern building, and tends much to diminiſh the venerableneſs of the ruder veſtiges, which Time has brought to a ſtage beyond perfection. A few years ago a great deal more of the abbey was in exiſtence; but now not an intereſting view of it can be taken.

All its former grandeur lies a wreck to Time; and from the dirt ſtrewed around by its different poſſeſſors, the principal part of the building is embowelled in the earth, and overgrown with moſs and rugged fern. Its diſtance from the ſea is very inconſiderable; and there is ſtill remaining, juſt above high-water mark, ſome appearance of a fort, which was built for its defence in the time of king Edward the Third.

We could not leave the poor remains of this once grand and venerable pile, without ſighing at the depredations of Time, and la-

menting the havock it has made on theſe abodes of Piety and Peace.

Proceeding through the other avenue, we bent our courſe towards Wootton bridge. The road from the abbey was finely wooded with oaks, and contributed to keep alive the gloomy ideas that had taken poſſeſſion of our minds. This cover continued for ſome time; but when an opening took place, the choiceſt variety of tints diffuſed themſelves round the tops of the trees, that can be imagined. The leaves of the oaks had juſt become rubid, and mingling with thoſe that had fallen from the aſh, which were nearly yellow, produced a fine and glowing colour.

The branches of moſt of the oaks that were arrived at maturity, were diſrobed of their leaves, on a few of their boughs. This, at ſome times, produces a beautiful effect; at others it is diſguſting; but as this uncertainty depends on the manner of their growth, and their ſituation,

ation, the knowledge of it can only be obtained by ocular obſervation.

A thouſand turns and forms of trees may preſent themſelves to a judicious eye, and few of theſe perhaps might pleaſe.—The nobleſt oaks frequently have too great a number of branches, and theſe branches may be over-loaded with ramifications; when this is the caſe, but little verdure appears on them. At other times theſe trees, when deprived of that luxuriance, have a great quantity of moſs gather on their boughs; which, in the middle of the ſummer, blends too much with the green leaves; but towards autumn, when the leaves turn brown, they appear, owing to the heat, quite grey and vivid.—So alſo in the morning at ſun-riſe, when the dew has well moiſtened this moſs, and thrown a gloſs over the other parts of the wood, they ſhine moſt beautifully, and form noble colouring.—But ſo momentary is the effect of this operation of Nature, and ſo quick the tranſition, that it ſcarcely can be diſcerned by the careleſs eye. The principal

cipal beauty of picturesque representations depending in a great measure on the observance of these minutiæ, they are not unworthy the attention of the artist.

As we passed through the wood, we fell in with a buck and doe;—but we found they were not natives of this part;—such as escape from Sir Richard Worsley's park, and this frequently happens, generally make for these woods.

At the extremity of this range of cover, we came close to Wootton-bridge hill; which for convenience of water carriage, claims a superior rank to many other parts of the island.—Here every diversity encountered the sight.—A great plenty of water lay in the valley, which was delightfully wooded on both sides, down to its banks.—Its views are extremely pleasant, and quite different from any we had hitherto seen. The left hand presents an entire screen of woods, which gracefully pass from Nunwell to the foot of Ashey down, whose height terminates

ates the diſtance, and forms a noble back-ground.

The ſun was ſetting at the time it fell under our inſpection, and it powerfully impreſſed with its rays the tops of the ſhrubs. Many ſweet hues from them alſo brought the livelieſt colouring on the trees; nor was their reflection on the briny mirror leſs beautiful. —Several tranſitory ſtreaks of the evening beamed, with an expreſſion beyond all deſcription fine, in the water.—The tide was in; and as on this ſide Wootton-bridge mills the wind and weather have no effect, it was a placid lake; and ſtained with the higheſt glows the hand of Nature could imprint. It is true its turn has not an equal degree of grace with thoſe in the northern parts of England, but it has an innumerable diverſity of objects to recommend it.

The right of Wootton bridge leads to the ſea. This we ſailed down, and were as well pleaſed with the beauties of it, as any we had before ſeen.—The only deficiency we

we could perceive was the want of rock, that great aſſiſtant to landſcape. A few of thoſe cliffs with which the ſouthern ſhores of the iſland are overloaded, would have rendered this one of the completeſt and moſt beautiful lake-views in the iſland. Its right-ſide has all the woods of Quarr ſkirting its ſhores, which are anſwered by the oppoſite ſides, where the ſame texture prevails.—A few interpoſitions of corn and graſs break among the woods, and reach likewiſe to the water; but theſe are too ſmall to add much grace to it.

On our return, the mill and bridge broke the firſt diſtance of the water;—over which the woods that ranged along Aſhey down united themſelves to the others that ſwept along Arreton downs; where they appeared to be broke by a few ſtraggling hills which joined the road to Ride.

Having feaſted our ſight for a conſiderable time on this delightful view, we paſſed on for Barton, formerly the ſeat of lord Clanrickard, but now the property of Mr. Blachford.

Blachford. A convent or oratory of friars, of the order of St. Auguſtin, was founded here in the year 1282; which was granted in the year 1439 to the college of Wincheſter.

SECTION XVII.

WE now quitted the high road, and turning to the right hand, paſſed through ſeveral corn fields till we reached another copſe of a conſiderable extent. The quantity of wood growing in this quarter of the iſland is nearly incredible, when compared to the other parts:—the latter appear a deſert to it. This diverſity renders it at once pleaſant and ſtriking;—and gives a far greater ſcope for the pencil than a common valley, thinly ſtrewed with hedge-rows, poſſibly can.

The right-hand road led us directly to Barton Houſe, which ſtands upon an eminence, and commands fine proſpects.—When viewed from the foot of the hill it has a very pleaſing effect.—The houſe is an ancient building, and the appearance of it ſuch as we generally find the manſions which were erected about the reign of queen Elizabeth;—the windows are compoſed of leaded caſements, which are all ſunk in the wall. The late noble

noble poſſeſſor of it, lord Clanricard, whoſe uſual reſidence it was, made ſeveral additions to it.—All the ſides of the rooms are of wainſcot, formed into ſmall pannels, in which are affixed a number of repreſentations of the croſs.

Here was likewiſe a chapel; but the building is now appropriated to leſs ſacred purpoſes, being converted into a warehouſe for wool. A great ſameneſs runs through the whole houſe, both in its internal and external parts. The mode of its conſtruction, with ſo many gable ends towards the front, gives a great formality to its appearance; as do the tall chimnies; both of which appear diſguſting in a picture.

The lawn before the houſe is pleaſant, but too regularly planted with clumps of evergreens, that ſavour more of the dullneſs of a citizen than the taſte of a nobleman. We had, however, a fine view from it of Stokes bay to the right, and of Hampton water to the weſt. The ſea-view was a great relief to its other proſpects, and by far the beſt.

Oſborne, the ſeat of Robert Pope Blachford, Eſq. was our next object. The road from Barton Houſe, (which, as before obſerved, belongs likewiſe to this gentleman) is not of any conſiderable length, and at the ſame time without much novelty.

This ſeat may be ranked as one of the beſt choſen reſidences in the iſland. On a fine ſpacious lawn, that leads to the ſea, ſtands the pleaſantly-ſituated manſion.—The views from it are as extenſive as they can be on the northern ſide;—Spithead has a fine appearance from it;—ſo has Hampton river.

The building is very large, and has all its offices behind it. The inſide is equally convenient and roomy; and is now receiving conſiderable improvements.

From hence we touched at Old Caſtle-point, and had a proſpect of Weſt Cowes on the oppoſite ſide of the river;—but nothing more preſented itſelf than what we had ſeen on our firſt arrival at the iſland.

As

As we had before, in our way to Newport, rode along the weſtern boundaries of the river Medina, we now made its eaſtern ſide our principal object. After leaving Eaſt Cowes, the firſt curve of the river preſented itſelf a little beyond Oſborne. In this ſweep its courſe is fine, and forms a perfect view. The oppoſite ſhores are ſoftly touched with wood and fern, and ſhare no inconſiderable part of its beauties.

Whippingham now formed the foreground. But concluding that the river muſt make a conſpicuous appearance from that place, we deſcended to it. The church of Whippingham is as curious an object of the kind as we ever beheld; and unlike every one we had yet ſeen. The tower, inſtead of having battlements or a turret, has two gable ends, and reminded us rather of a houſe than of a church.

The vicarage, formerly the ſeat of Dr. Lewis, is now the reſidence of Mr. Barrington, junior.—The houſe is conſtructed partly of wood and partly of brick.—It is rather low,

low, but exceedingly pleaſant, and a fit pattern for thoſe who wiſh to combine taſte with pleaſure.—The front of it is towards the river, and it has a very conſpicuous view of the oppoſite ſhores.—From theſe windows the fineſt and moſt diſtinct view of the river is ſeen.—Without entering into a minute deſcription of the inſide of the houſe, we would juſt obſerve that the bed-rooms, though ſmall, are ſo judiciouſly fitted up, that every convenience attends them.

As you approach Newport, you there perceive the river to meander in delightful curves, while the loaded barks, proudly ſkimming along its tranſlucid boſom, add luſtre to the ſcene.—Cariſbrook Caſtle, with the hills and downs of Gatcombe, cloſe the view towards the ſouth; as the King's Foreſt does to the weſt, and the downs of Arreton to the eaſt.

The mill belonging to Mr. Smith, known by the name of Botany-bay Mill, lies to the left of the river, and is juſt ſeen terminating the curve of the tide. In point of ſituation

ſituation for exhibiting a variety of ſcenes, this mill ſtands unrivalled on the banks of the Medina. Its grounds are ſmall, but ſo well laid out that every neceſſary is ſoon to be procured. There are but few houſes in the village of Whippingham, and thoſe principally belonging to farmers.

Riſing now on the high grounds, we had more diſtinct views of the hills round Cariſbrook than before. The evening at the ſame time cloſing in, one of the heavy purple harbingers of approaching night had nearly dropt its aërial curtain before the declining ſun.—Yet ſo warmly did its power beam on every object it caught, that its glow appeared to be contracted only to ſhine with double vividneſs.—Every plant it touched was perfectly on fire, and ſcarcely confined its hues to the turf on which it grew.

By the time a few minutes more had elapſed, the ſun had deſcended below this gloomy mantle, in which night's dreary ſcenes were ſoon to be enwrapped; and finding a paſſage from the brow of Alvington foreſt

foreſt to glance the remains of his departing rays, he tinged with them the oppoſite wood; —but ſo faintly that the green but barely reved its yellow tints.

From this mellowneſs of tint, however, the colouring was ſoft, without too ſtrong a glare. At the decline of day the ſhadows are fine and broad, and aſſiſt the imagination in acquiring a proper idea of this great branch of the art, — and how properly to apply it. — The hills of Swanſton imperceptibly crept to the ſight, and glided off to the valley of Shalfleet, where a ſmall interpoſition of the ſea finiſhed the ſcene.

The river continued to diverſify its turns at every ſtep we advanced, till we reached Fairlee, the ſeat of Mr. White. This houſe ſtands on an eminence, and commands both views of the river. — The opening from Cowes road to the Mother Bank and the Brambles, from hence is beautiful, and exhibits fine traits of the ſcenes in general produced by ſea ports. The front of the houſe, which is chiefly brick, is towards the river.

The

The other part has ſeveral long buildings annexed to it, without either novelty or elegance. The inſide is plain and neat; beſides which it has nothing very remarkable to boaſt of. The lawn, before it, reaches to the water-ſide;—it is ſpacious, and gives a nobleneſs to the building.—On its left is a wood, which ſkirts the ſides down to the river.—The right is open, and deſcends to the ſame point.

Heavy clouds had for a conſiderable time been hovering in the horizon;—they now rolled over our heads, and poured down upon us their tremendous contents.—The thunder loudly roared in awful peals;—the rain ſpouted on us in cataracts;—and the lightning darted forth its moſt vivid ſulphur.—When the rain had ſomewhat abated of its fury, the lightnings exhibited the fineſt preſentations we had ſeen ſince we came upon the iſland.—The flaſhes being remarkably long in their continuance, the illumination they threw over the adjacent parts was grand beyond deſcription; and detained us by its beauties for near an hour,

abſorbed in wonder and admiration.—The town of Newport received from its brilliance every diſplay it was in the power of light to give it, and appeared a perfect ſpot of beauty;—while the river and the ſurrounding wood derived from it their proportion of grandeur.

The ſtorm had now vented its fury, and heavily rolled on; when, paſſing the corner of Bleak Heath, we entered Newport at the eaſt bridge, having completed our tour round the extremities of the iſland.

SECTION

SECTION XVIII.

OUR next object was to view the iſland from its central mountains, and to explore the picturesque beauties which the middle parts of it afford in such profusion. For this purpoſe we took our route to the eaſtward; and leaving Newport north road, we fell in with the foot of Arreton downs, at Shide Mill, about a mile from the town.

The ſituation of this place is very beautiful; and, unlike moſt others in the iſland, has a few trees encircling each of the houſes, with the river Medina meandering along the valley.—Paſſing its bridge, we perceived the hills to riſe to a great height and form a noble fore-ground.—The bridge, though not conſiderable, becomes an object, and finely breaks the ſtreaky lines of Gatcombe vale to the right.

The road on the downs is very ſteep, and moſtly chalk and gravel. As we aſcended, the valley opened in a lovely manner, and

preſented a charming variety of objects to engage the attention. — Gatcombe hills bounded the view to the right, and ſkirted the dale to Black down, where it joined the hill of St. Catherine's, and terminated the valley.

Gatcombe houſe from hence is a conſpicuous object, and from theſe heights receives a full diſplay of its beauty and ſituation. From the hill we had a ſlight view of Mr. Roberts's ſeat.—There the vale broke away to Godſhill, and ſwept, to the left, under the park of Appuldurcombe, from whence it took its courſe to the ſide of Queen Bower, where the valley of Newchurch commences, and both terminated at Sandown.

The village of Arreton lay cloſe under our right, and preſenting itſelf in a bird's-eye view, was pleaſanter to the ſight from this point than any other we had yet obſerved it in. Croſſing the downs to the left, we viewed the woody ſcenes of Ride and Wootton bridge.

Cowes

Cowes harbour is ſeen from this down to great advantage;—every curve of the ſtream is perfectly diſcernible from it, and exhibits a greater variety than can be procured from any other ſpot;—the woods range down to it in perfect grandeur, and conceal all thoſe littleneſſes that ſo often broke upon us when ſeen from every other quarter. Alvington foreſt bounded its oppoſite ſhore, and opened its ſcenes towards the vale of Shalfleet, where the ſight was cloſed. The road of Cowes, diminiſhing to a pleaſing avenue, preſented its veſſels at anchor;—while Luttrell's folly and Calſhot caſtle were perfectly viſible.

The morning was grey, and clearer than the mornings generally are here.—A hazineſs frequently interrupts the ſight; but not that ſort which at ſun-riſe ſo finely exhibits the extravagance of Nature, and, diſplaying every wanton freak upon the mountain's head, gives pleaſure to the ſight, and grandeur to the landſcape;—it was of a more dewy ſubſtance, that juſt ſtreaks the horizon,

horizon, and at the leaſt approach of warmth diſperſes.

From Cowes the valley was richly lined with wood, and ſo harmonized, that every gaiety we could poſſibly have wiſhed for was produced. Still the woods continued to diſplay their grandeur, till an opening at Wootton bridge broke them.—We had a fine proſpect of this little lurking ſpot of Nature, and viewed it in its gayeſt veſt. —It had been ſeen before by us towards the concluſion of a former day, but now it was poſſeſſed of all the diverſified effects of a morning, which ſcattered gladneſs over every ſurrounding branch.

The water was at too great a diſtance to produce more than variety; but this it did in ſuch profuſion as had never before been exhibited to us.—A ſteam, ariſing from its ſurface, glided along the boundaries of the adjacent woods, and, creeping up the oppoſite hills, ſeemed to glory in uniting all the ſcenes in one point.

The

The houſes that bound Wootton bridge, were now buried in the aërial ſubſtance which ſeemed to envelope every part with its ſofteſt bloom.—The trees ſhone with double luſtre, and preſented all the luxuriance that verdure could diſplay.

The ſea, in our diſtance, was blended with the ſky ; and nothing appeared to be wanting to render the portraiture complete but the pencil of Mr. Morland, whoſe well-known knowledge in nature, compoſition, drawing, and colouring, would have given, if poſſible, a higher finiſh than Nature herſelf had done.

The glorious ſource of light and heat now gradually began to break up from the eaſt, and ſoon diſpelled this refreſhing efferveſcence of Nature.—The vapours almoſt inſtantaneouſly ceaſed to glow, and retiring, introduced to the ſight the remaining woods that diffuſe themſelves in this quarter.

We could not diſcern any part of the venerable walls of Quarr Abbey.—The village of Ride we could juſt ſee; but ſo ſmall a part of it, that only a few houſes were viſible over the trees. The veſſels that were paſſing near its ſhores had their ſhare in the ſcenes, but not to that extreme we wiſhed. Still the woods alternately cheered the dale, and threw freſh luſtre on the ſcene; while on our left, at the foot of Aſhey downs, they continued to range entirely to Nunwell.

To thoſe who have no reliſh for pictureſque ſcenes, theſe deſcriptions may carry with them the appearance of too much warmth, and the views ſeem to be verbally pourtrayed in colours too glowing; but thoſe who have a taſte for the fine arts, and are poſſeſſed of ſo much judgment and ſenſibility as to be charmed with the pictureſque beauties of Nature, will, undoubtedly forgive the ſeeming enthuſiaſm; and accompanying us ſtep by ſtep, view in idea the ſcenes we repreſent;

repreſent; and find the ſame romantic ardour and admiration excited in their minds by the *deſcription* that we found excited in ours by the *views*.

SECTION XIX.

PROCEEDING a little farther, we arrived at Aſhey ſea-mark, a triangular pyramid, conſtructed of ſtone, about twenty feet high, and deſigned as a guide for ſhips ſailing from St. Helen's to Spithead. From this point of view we had a large ſweep of the iſland.—Before us lay the harbour of Brading, bounded by Bimbridge downs to the right, and by St. Helen's to the left.

The ſcenes from this part are grand beyond deſcription, and too extenſive for us to be able to deſcribe their limits.—The coaſt of Suſſex bounded the diſtance before us, and appeared with every beauty that a diſtance can be admired for.

We now paſſed on to Brading downs, and viewed from thence the ſame ſcenes we had done from Aſhey ſea-mark. After reenjoying that view, we ſkirted the oppoſite brow of the downs.—Here the valley of

Sandown

Sandown opened in quite a different garb to what the woody ſcenes of Ride had juſt preſented to us.

The rows of hedges were formal, and too regular to be pleaſing.—The only grandeur was the oppoſite downs of Bonchurch, which riſing at Dunnoſe, ſwept away to thoſe of St. Boniface and Appuldurcombe park.—Theſe form noble back grounds, and when you approach nearer, admit of nice pieces being caught from them; as many fore-grounds preſent plenty of wood and water verging on the brow of their hills.

We next came to the woods of Knighton, the forms of which are beautifully picturesque.—Here the ſeat of Mr. Biſſet broke on our ſight.—Few would imagine that ſuch a charming ſpot could be found in ſo recluſe a dale, and receive any aſſiſtance from the hand of Art.—Knighton houſe, though ancient, exhibits much taſte and judgment in its conſtruction:—notwithſtanding it muſt have been often repaired, it ſeems not to have loſt an iota of its original beauty.—

In the front the windows are all latticed, and retain their antique pillars of ſtone for their preſent ſupporters.

One part of the building is finely variegated by the ivy that binds its gable ends. Theſe gable ends are the only parts that appear diſguſting;—there are too many of them; which of courſe rather hurts than heightens the effect.

On each ſide of the houſe there is a range of woods; but a ſufficient ſpace is left between them to preſent ſome very beautiful proſpects.—On one ſide the hill of St. Catherine's is ſeen; on the other the downs of St. Boniface.—From the left-hand ſide, going to the houſe, a few pieces of water make a very pleaſing addition to the foreground, and bring every thing into great harmony.

Here the view breaks, and preſents the valley of Newchurch;—the houſe forming the right-hand ſcreen,—the woods the left,—and water in the middle,—with fine broken

broken ground. The hills of Queen Bower terminate the firſt diſtance;—the downs of Bonchurch finiſh the view; but they riſe from this ſpot with a much greater degree of grandeur than from any point of view we had hitherto ſeen them in.

The houſe ſtands on an elevation conſiderably above the common level of the earth.—A wall ſupports the grounds lying at its back; and even a part of the garden is raiſed by theſe means to a parallel with it.

The woods to its left form a ſweet receſs, and invite to a contemplation of the charms which every where preſent themſelves. In ſuch a ſituation the mind is naturally led to contemplate the enchanting ſcenes which Nature has ſpread around; and, inſpired by the ſight,

"To look through Nature up to Nature's God."

POPE.

In ſuch a moment, how vain and unſatisfactory do the moſt brilliant ſcenes of a gay and diſſipated life appear!

The

The trees are large and well grown, and hang in thoſe careleſs attitudes that convey a ſure pleaſure to the eye. From ſuch a combination of beauties this place muſt yield to very few in the iſland. Its being ſo contiguous to Newport, and likewiſe at a convenient diſtance from all the eaſtern parts of the iſland, makes it a choſen ſpot. The woods are ſaid to have been formerly ſtocked with a great number of pheaſants.

The inſide of the houſe is roomy, and, like its outward appearance, ſavours of the antique.—A few pictures grace the rooms.

Leaving this ſequeſtered vale, we proceeded to the town of Newchurch, which is ſituated about a mile from Knighton.—In our way we met with nothing more than its valley to entertain us; which is well watered, and boaſts as rich a ſoil as any in the neighbourhood.

The entrance to Newchurch is up a hill, rather ſteep; and without any pretenſions

to

to thoſe pictureſque beauties we expected to find there. The church is old, but not intereſting; nor is there any thing out of the common line in the appearance of the houſes, which are chiefly inhabited by tradeſmen and labourers.

The view from the church-yard is the beſt the place affords.—From thence the hills of Gatcombe appear to join thoſe of Arreton, and, blending with Knighton, terminate with Culver cliffs. The valley was the moſt intereſting; after which Knighton houſe formed the next principal ſubject; and both were cloſed by Aſhey down.

From hence we paſſed Queen Bower. On the top of its hill ſtands a peaſant's hut;—but if fine proſpects and enchanting objects give a pre-eminence, this ſpot is more befitting the manſion of a peer. The views from it are nearly the ſame as thoſe ſeen from the oppoſite downs.

Purſuing our way down the bower, we croſſed to Aſp, where the greateſt depth of the

the valley is plainly perceptible. From thence we paſſed Cherry gardens, and turned to Landgard, the principal houſe of which is at preſent occupied by Mr. Smith, an opulent farmer. The oak and elm groves that ſurround this manſion render it a pleaſant reſidence. Its views are rather cloſe and contracted, but upon the whole agreeable.

From Landgard we paſſed cloſe under Shanklin downs, and croſſed to Wroxall, a ſmall village near Appuldurcombe. The latter lying directly in our route, and having procured admiſſion tickets, we entered the park, and proceeded to it.

SECTION

SECTION XX.

APPULDURCOMBE park, the ſeat of Sir Richard Worſley, is ſituated in a valley, which takes one of the moſt extenſive courſes, and might be conſidered as one of the principal dales, in the iſland. Our readers may remember the mention we made of this houſe when, in our circuit round the iſland, we took a view of it from the downs of Yaverland and St. Helen's. We then could not ſo well judge of its ſituation; but we were now convinced that it was pleaſant. The harbour of Brading broke in between the downs of Yaverland and Brading, and preſented the coaſt of Suſſex to bind the diſtance.

Thoſe fences and hedge rows which had diſguſted our eye when we looked down upon them from Aſhey downs, now viewed from the houſe, dropped into the focus of each other, and rather reſembled a wood than what they really were. Taken altogether, the ſituation of Appuldurcombe

houſe is pleaſant, but not poſſeſſed of that grandeur which reſults from the ruder boldneſs of Nature.

This manſion, which is built of freeſtone, is large and beautiful.—There are four regular fronts to it, of the Corinthian order, the principal of which is adorned with two wings, and has a lawn before it. The offices all lie at the back of the houſe, where ſtrangers who come to view it uſually enter.

The firſt room we were uſhered into, after paſſing the ſervants' hall, was the great hall—a moſt ſuperb and elegant apartment, embelliſhed with the choiceſt productions of the arts.

Some beautiful pictures adorn the walls, particularly the ſubject of the Salutation, by Fran. Barbiereus, oppoſite the door; the drawing of which is chaſte and ſpirited; the colouring dark, but with a fine effect.—Over the fire-place, on the left hand, is the Conſecration of a Biſhop;—the ſubject not intereſting, but highly finiſhed. Theſe pictures,

tures, we underſtood, were purchaſed by Sir Richard Worſley, when lately abroad.

A portrait by Vandyke, is alſo in the beſt ſtile ; as are a Virgin and Child, and ſeveral others, by Holbein, Sir Peter Lely, Carracchi, &c. all in the firſt manner.

The buſts likewiſe diſplay judgment in their ſelection.—That of the River Nile is an elegant piece of ſculpture ;—the ſymmetry of the limbs is graceful, and the whole finely proportioned.—The ſixteen Cupids are delicately touched, and equally well grouped.

Several antiques grace the pedeſtals ; among which the Genius of Hercules, the Achilles, and the Bull, are ſome of the beſt.

The roof is ſupported by eight beautiful pillars of the Ionic order, reſembling Porphyry, highly ornamented.

From hence our guide conducted us to the dining-parlour.—Here we were grati-

fied with a ſight of ſome of the fineſt pictures ever produced by the pencil of Zuccarelli. — At the extremities of the room hung two of the largeſt I ever ſaw by this great maſter; and, if I may preſume to ſay ſo, I think them the beſt.—In my humble opinion, thoſe at Windſor and Hampton Court, from recollection, are not ſuperior.

That on the right hand as you enter the room, has every requiſite to render a picture complete;—the compoſition is grand and elevated;—the figures in the fore-ground are ſpirited; and at the ſame time there is a peculiar ſoftneſs in the countenance of both the women which ſtamps an everlaſting credit on that knowledge of the paſſions this maſter was known to poſſeſs. — The only diſparity was in the cattle, which were rather out of proportion, by being too long in the back. The buildings are in the ſtile of Pouſſin, and happily managed;—the back-grounds are poſſeſſed of all the fire and colouring that can ſet off a picture. Upon the whole, this claims the

the ſuperiority over every other piece in the room.

Its companion is nearly on the ſame ſubject, and beautiful in the extreme.—The light and ſhadow in this piece, give the ſpectator a thorough knowledge of the pitch to which painting can be carried.—The others by this maſter likewiſe claim attention.

Two by Berghem alſo grace the room.—It is needleſs to make any comment on the performances of this well-known maſter, except juſt ſaying that they are in his beſt ſtile.—I am ſorry to be obliged to add, that they are ſo very highly varniſhed, that in a few years there is a probability of their being entirely obliterated.—Indeed too many in this collection have undergone that deſtructive proceſs, to the great diſappointment of Time, who would otherwiſe have handed them down with pleaſure to poſterity.

We were now conducted to the drawing-room,

room, which is pleaſantly ſituated, and the furniture extremely beautiful. Returning from this room, we entered the library, where nothing beſides a figure on the ceiling attracted our particular attention.—This claimed our warmeſt praiſe. —The ſubject is an angel in the attitude of flying.—The colouring is beautiful; the drawing ſtill more ſo.—One of the legs, which was foreſhortened, appeared to be the touch of Cipriani; and indeed the whole of the figure led us to ſuppoſe that it was the production of that artiſt.—But as it was placed ſo high, we could not take upon us to pronounce to a certainty its maſter.

We next paſſed into an interior library, where freſh beauties attracted our notice.—A Sun-ſet, on one of the higheſt pannels near the door, was the firſt object that caught our eyes.—It was a piece of ſuch merit, that we could have viewed it for an hour, without finding the leaſt abatement in our pleaſure and admiration.—The ſubject was a Sea-port, executed in the moſt

finiſhed ſtile.—The colouring was warm, but free from glare;—and ſo ſoftly blended was the whole, that a completer copy of Nature was never ſeen.—The veſſel in the diſtance is handled with peculiar judgment, and exemplifies the nice conception of the maſter.

A whole length of Sir Richard Worſley, in his regimentals, by Sir Joſhua Reynolds, hangs in one corner; and a picture by Barrett, of that wonderful ſpot, Steephill, likewiſe graces the room; together with a few old heads, &c.

The little dreſſing-room contains a ſet of Italian views, in water colours; among which is an Eruption of Mount Veſuvius. There is alſo a view of the Egyptian Pyramids; with ſeveral different views of Athens; all in the higheſt rank of the art.—Theſe we likewiſe found were what Sir Richard had lately brought over.

The organ-room boaſts alſo of ſeveral beautiful pictures.—One by Reubens, over the

the door, is in his firſt ſtile of colouring;—the half tints are ſoft and harmonious, and ſhow the excellency of his pencil;—the ſubject, Nymphs bathing. A large picture of Boors quarrelling, in an excellent ſtile. One by Palamedes, of a Merry Making, which is placed under the foregoing, has alſo a claim to merit.

A Stoning of St. Stephen, with a Joſeph and our Saviour, are pictures in a capital ſtile. There are two good pieces by Gerrard Dow;—the firſt his uſual ſubject, a Woman looking out of a window; the other, his Mother at work. A ſmall piece by Van Helmont, of Boors regaling, is in the beſt ſtile of that maſter. The Conſumptive Boy has merit;—but, as well as *conſumptive*, the artiſt ſurely intended him for a *languiſhing* one.—Hinting our doubt on this head, we were informed by our guide, that the former was meant to be expreſſed by the artiſt.

Paſſions, or corporeal affections, of a ſimilar tendency, from the ſimilarity of their repre-

repreſentation, ſometimes cauſe a doubt of the painter's intentions, eſpecially where no diſtinguiſhing traits are to be met with; ſo the appearance of a conſumptive perſon, and one languiſhing from extreme ſenſibility, might be miſtaken by the ſpectator; and he may be led to doubt, as we did, of the painter's deſign.

Returning to the veſtibule, we there alſo obſerved ſeveral pictures of the firſt rank. Among them was one of Liberality, by Sir Joſhua. What I have already ſaid on a former occaſion of the merit of this firſt of living artiſts, renders it unneceſſary for me to ſay much of this piece. I cannot forbear, however, obſerving that the countenance of the female figure, repreſenting Liberality, is ſuch as his brilliant imagination uſually forms.—Every beauty ſhines alike conſpicuous; and hard it is to know which is the loveliеſt feature in her face;—each is ſo charming, that it bids defiance to the critic;—and the *tout en-ſemble* is ſuch as will be modern at any future date.—The hair, looſely diſhevelled, flows partly over the

ſhoulders, and adds beauty to thoſe charms that Sir Joſhua is ſo peculiarly happy in, when he is painting a female from his own imagination.

The picture of Daniel in the lion's den, after the original in the poſſeſſion of his Grace of Hamilton, is here ; but it hangs almoſt beyond the ſight of an indifferent eye.—The original is accounted one of Rubens' maſterpieces. — Several prints have been engraved from it.

A picture of young Maſter Worſley, by Mr. Coſway, is over the door.—Time ſeems to have mellowed the colouring, and to have brought it to the higheſt perfection.

A Dog and dead Fox, by Mr. Elmer, is painted with all the nature the pencil of that gentleman poſſeſſes. Several other pieces of great merit alſo adorn the walls.—A fine ſtatue of Apollo Belvidere ſtands on the ſtaircaſe.

With theſe remarks ſhall we take leave of

of the inſide of the houſe, as recent orders from its owner forbid the admiſſion of ſtrangers up ſtairs ; which we could not help lamenting, as we were informed that it contains ſixty rooms, and that the walls of moſt of them are decorated with pictures. But if thoſe in the rooms above are as much obſcured by dirt and varniſh as the principal part of thoſe we ſaw below were, we may venture to pronounce it to be throughout the collection of a perfect connoiſſeur.

I have known many gentlemen purchaſe at an extravagant price, pictures that have been ſcarcely viſible; as if merit conſiſted in obſcurity.—In particular, I once ſaw a conſiderable ſum given for a piece by Rubens, which was totally devoid of colouring or deſign, (as many even of that great maſter's have been, though theſe branches of the art were his forte), while others of far ſuperior merit, by a modern artiſt, attracted ſcarcely a look.—With little leſs prejudice in favour of obſcured antiquity do a great part of this collection ſeem to have been choſen.

The ſureſt way for ſtrangers to obtain a ſight of the inſide of this manſion, is by an application to the preſent poſſeſſor of the Bugle inn, at Newport; where, beſides procuring the means for partaking of ſo deſirable an entertainment, they will find the comforts and conveniences of a home, though at an inn.

Leaving the houſe, we now paſſed through the lodge and the park, towards Godſhill.—The entrance into the park is by a handſome gateway of the Ionic order. An obeliſk of Corniſh granite, of a conſiderable height, ſtands in the park, which was erected to the memory of Sir Robert Worſley. One of the views from the houſe is directed to an artificial caſtle, placed on a rocky cliff, about half a mile from the park, which is generally known by the name of Cook's Caſtle. The lodge is a neat plain building.—The keeper's houſe ſtands on the left, at the foot of a ſmall copſe.

A great deficiency of wood appears through the whole park.—Several ſmall clumps

clumps of regularly planted trees ſtraggle in many parts, and afford but little gratification to the ſight. And I cannot help here remarking, that in the appearance of this manſion and its environs, there is ſuch an unaccountable want of that combination of objects, to which our Gallic neighbours give the happy term of *je ne ſçai quoi*, that not all the art imaginable could raiſe it, ſumptuous as it is, to inſpire that pleaſurable feeling, which the plain and humble roof of Steephill cottage impreſſes on the mind at firſt ſight.

The termination of the park breaks rather abruptly, and lets in the hill of St. Catherine's on the left, and on the right thoſe of Cheverton and Brixton.

At Appuldurcombe there was formerly a cell of Benedictine monks, founded by Iſabella de Fortibus, about the end of the reign of king Henry the Third. This cell was made ſubordinate to the abbey of St. Mary de Montiſburgh, in Normandy, but was diſſolved, with the reſt of the alien priories,

by

by king Henry the Fifth. Previous to its diſſolution it had been given by Henry the Fourth to a convent of nuns, at that time ſtanding without Aldgate, London.

Having paſſed the prak farm, we arrived at the outer gate of the prak, leading to Godſhill, to which place we proceeded.

SECTION

SECTION XXI.

THE town of Godſhill is very neat, though ſmall, and contains a proportionable number of inhabitants.—Its church ſtands upon an aſcent, and gives name both to the place and the pariſh; and, as the people here ſay, through a circumſtance equally as fabulous as the riſing of Shanklin down.

The architecture is partly Gothic, but, through the uſual mode of modern beautification, the whole is not to be diſtinguiſhed. However, when we viewed it, two of its gable ends had juſt fallen in, which broke the formal appearance of its extremity, and introduced a beautiful ſpecimen of its ancient ſplendour. The ivy had twiſted off many of its diſagreeable angles, and added beauty to its Gothic appearance. Its preſent ſhattered ſtate might have ariſen from its having been ſtruck by lightning in the year 1778, when great damage was done to it. This church was anciently appro-

appropriated to the abbey of Lyra, in Normandy.

Upon our entering the porch we obſerved abſtracts from ſeveral acts of parliament fixed againſt the door, and among them one that excited both our curioſity and riſibility;—it was from an act made in the ſeventh of James the Firſt, which enacts, that every female who unfortunately intrudes on the pariſh a ſecond illegitimate child, ſhall be liable to impriſonment and hard labour in Bridewell for ſix months.

Now as the number of females on this iſland much exceeds that of the males; and as, from the mild temperature of the climate, circumſtances frequently ariſe among the lower ranks that render the intention of this act of no effect; we could not help thinking this public exhibition of the abſtract as rather a rigorous exertion of Juſtice.

We found it was not very unuſual here for the young men, from the deficiency of numbers

numbers juſt ſpoken of, to pay their devoirs to more than one young woman at a time; and as it is not poſſible for him *legally* to unite himſelf to all of them, he generally beſtows his hand on her who had firſt preſented him with a pledge of their love.—This, however, is ſeldom done till the approach of a ſecond pledge from the ſame perſon renders ſuch an act of compaſſion needful, in order to avoid the conſequences of the tremendous anathema fixed on the church door.

Leaving Godſhill, we paſſed the valley to Shorwell, which is but a ſmall ſpot. Northcourt was the next place we made for. —Here —— Bull, Eſq. has a ſeat, which is pleaſantly ſituated, and commands extenſive views.

Finding ourſelves nearly in a part that we had viſited before, during our tour round the coaſt, and conſequently where no freſh information was to be obtained, we turned our horſes, and purſued our

route up Chillerton-ſtreet; from whence we ſkirted the oppoſite ſide of the vale of Gatcombe.

Here every luxuriance that could be wiſhed for, ſtrewed the valley. The ſpring which riſes at the bottom of St. Catherine's, bending its courſe down the dale, relieved the continued groups of wood lying in its circle. This ſtream, which is ſaid to be the ſource of the river Medina, has the honour of being called by that name long before it can make any pretenſions to the denomination of a river.

Chillerton down now frequently bounded our left-hand view;—the oppoſite valley that led to Sandown, which has been twice deſcribed, was hidden for a conſiderable diſtance;—frequent interpoſitions of landſcape, however, made amends for the want of it.—From a little riſing ground a beautiful diſplay of the utmoſt variegation ſometimes ſhone forth till we arrived at Sheat.

On the top of a pleaſant ruſticated hill ſtands

ſtands a ſmall homely village of this name, where, at a farm-houſe on the right hand, oppoſite to a ſmith's ſhop, we met with another inſtance of the kindneſs and hoſpitality of the people of this iſland; who, I muſt here again repeat, are not outdone in the exerciſe of theſe virtues by the moſt hoſpitable and civil of the inhabitants of any other part of Great Britain.—I may truly ſay, in the words of a writer well known for his knowledge of men and manners, that at moſt of the farm-houſes in this iſland,

"—— Ev'ry ſtranger finds a ready chair."

We have only to add, relative to Sheat, that its vicinity is ſurrounded by ſmall woods, which pleaſingly amuſe the eye.

Deſcending a ſlope of about half a mile, we arrived at Gatcombe houſe, formerly the ſeat of Edward Meux Worſley, Eſq. but now the ſummer reſidence of captain Ratray. This manſion is ſheltered at its back by a plantation of pines, and has an agreeable proſpect.—It is chiefly conſtruct-

ed of brick, without any external ornaments; but there is a great degree of neatneſs and ſimplicity in the appearance of it.

The inſide is very roomy, but has neither picture, nor any thing extraordinary in its furniture, to attract particular notice.—However, though it has not to boaſt of its former ſplendour, the affability and genteel behaviour of the amiable females reſident in it, the benign influence of which is not confined to the vicinity of Gatcombe, ſtill ranks it among the moſt celebrated manſions of the iſland.

A fine lawn ſpreads its verdant turf before the houſe, and extends to the road.—On its ſide front a proſpect ſtill more charming is ſeen.—A beautiful piece of water lies in the bottom; and it is agreeably planted with trees.

The oppoſite downs of Arreton range delightfully to the valley of Newchurch, and finely interpoſe between the town of New-

Newport and the downs of Appuldurcombe. —The valley receives no little degree of luſtre when viewed from Gatcombe.—The hill that overſhadows Shide mill is very fine, and produces every thing requiſite for a firſt diſtance.—Alvington foreſt forms the ſecond; with an agreeable break of the river Medina between it and Oſborne woods.

The river from hence had a ſingular effect; —while a heavy cloud hung over Alvington foreſt, the water received the full force of the intervening light, and the diſtance terminated in a glowing blue, or rather a mixture of colours.

Leaving Gatcombe, we proceeded to Whitcomb, through a hedge row, which bounded the road on both ſides, and paſſed on till we came within ſight of Newport.—Here a different ſcene preſented itſelf, and gave us a juſter idea of the foreſt than we had as yet imbibed.

From Newport, a valley ran along the bottom of Cariſbrook hills for about three miles,

miles, where it joined thoſe of Shalfleet, and cloſed the view at Newtown. Before us, both Eaſt and Weſt Cowes were perfectly viſible; while Stokes bay and Spithead preſented many a ſwelling ſail;—the harbour of Portſmouth and Portſdown hill cloſing the ſight.

SECTION

SECTION XXII.

TURNING to our left, we now proceeded towards Cariſbrook Caſtle, a place rendered famous by the confinement of king Charles the Firſt.—That unfortunate monarch, after being betrayed by Hammond, the governor of the iſland, became his priſoner, and was confined in this caſtle.—But as ſir Richard Worſley, in his Hiſtory of the Iſle of Wight, has ſo fully treated of this ſubject, and that from ſuch excellent and indubitable authorities, little remains for me to ſay of the hiſtorical part.

On an elevated piece of ground ſtands this once impregnable fortreſs.—Nature has contributed very conſiderably toward its ſtrength, as it is ſituated in ſuch a manner as to command every point beneath it.—The circumference of the ditch, by which it is ſurrounded, is about three-quarters of a mile, and ſufficiently wide to protect it from any attacks that an enemy, at the time it was erected, could make upon it. Though now dry

dry, it was undoubtedly ſupplied in former times with water.

The citadel appears to be the moſt ancient part of any in the building.—The time it was founded being a matter of diſpute, the following conjectures relative to it may not appear ill founded.

It is well known that the Romans were in poſſeſſion of this iſland; and that after them Cerdic, king of the Weſt Saxons, ruled over it;—now as both thoſe people conſtructed fortifications wherever they fixed themſelves, it is more than probable that this fortreſs, the principal one in the iſland, and of undoubted antiquity, was originally erected, (I mean the moſt ancient part of it) by the former, and improved by the latter. And if it be admitted that the well in the Caſtle yard is a work of the Romans, which it undoubtedly is, as they always made a point of procuring water though at ever ſo great a depth, which neither the Saxons nor Normans were ſo particular about, this puts it out of diſpute that they had eſtabliſhed a

place

place of defence of ſome kind or other on this ſpot.

Little mention is made of it during their time, but in the reign of Cerdic it is ſaid to have been of conſiderable ſtrength, and in a good ſtate of defence. Some are of opinion that it was originally built by Whitager, one of Cerdic's generals, from whom it took the name of Whitgaraburgh, which was afterwards contracted to Cariſbrook; but he might only have enlarged or repaired the Roman rampire, and, as was cuſtomary with the Saxons, given a new name to it.

The preſent ſtructure was built as an improvement to the old fortreſs, by William Fitz-Oſborne, one of the principal commanders in the Norman invaſion, and on whom William the Conqueror, as a reward for his zeal and fidelity, beſtowed the lordſhip of the Iſle of Wight, and created earl of Hereford. This nobleman likewiſe founded the priory here.

The caſtle and its appendages, from that period, became the property of different poſſeſſors, till it came into the hands of lord Woodville, who ſold it to king Edward the Fourth; ſince which time it has been affixed to the crown. The arms of that nobleman are carved in ſtone over the large gateway, and on each ſide are the roſes of the houſe of York.

In the yard of the caſtle is the well before referred to, the depth of which is ſaid to be three hundred feet; and it has always twenty feet of water in it. The perſons who ſhow the caſtle, generally let down a piece of lighted paper into the well, in order to exhibit to ſtrangers a ſingular effect that attends it; a ſtream of air ruſhes down into it from the mouth, with ſuch violence, as to extinguiſh the flame long before it reaches the bottom.

Another circumſtance, not leſs extraordinary, likewiſe attends it; a pin of a common ſize being dropped into it, the ſound it cauſes by falling on the water, though at ſo vaſt a depth, may be diſtinctly heard.

The

The water is drawn up by an aſs; who has performed this duty upwards of fourteen years. And the animal that preceded the preſent, officiated in the ſame employment (for which purpoſe alone he was kept) during a much longer period; having lived forty years within the caſtle walls. The method uſed in drawing the water is by a wheel of fifteen feet diameter, in which the aſs turns as a dog does a ſpit.

The mention of theſe creatures leads me to digreſs for a moment on the longevity both of the brutal and the human ſpecies, reſident on this iſland. So kindly is the temperature of the air, that beaſts as well as men, frequently live here to a great age. The number of each at preſent exiſting, who have exceeded the ordinary limits of life, is very conſiderable.

Among the former are ſeveral horſes belonging to ſome of the inhabitants of Newport, which, if the aſſertions of their maſters may be depended on, are turned of thirty years of age. And ſcarcely any of theſe kind

of animals but what retain their ſtrength and uſefulneſs from twelve to twenty years. Thoſe uſed here are in general a ſmall breed, named foreſters, natives of the iſland, which, on account of the rough and ſtony roads, are found more uſeful than a larger ſort would be.

This caſtle having fallen greatly to decay from the conſtant ravages of Time, was repaired, and the works enlarged, by queen Elizabeth. That princeſs erected a platform towards the back part of it, on which ſome cannon were mounted. She likewiſe rebuilt the gateway, and added a bridge at the entrance. On the arch of the gateway, upon a plate of braſs, are the initials of that queen's name, E. R. and the date 1598, the year when theſe additions and alterations were completed.—But this plate is now ſo over-grown with ivy, that not the ſmalleſt part of the inſcription is to be ſeen.

During the uſurpation of Cromwell it was garriſoned by his forces; and he placed peculiar confidence in thoſe who were ſtationed there;

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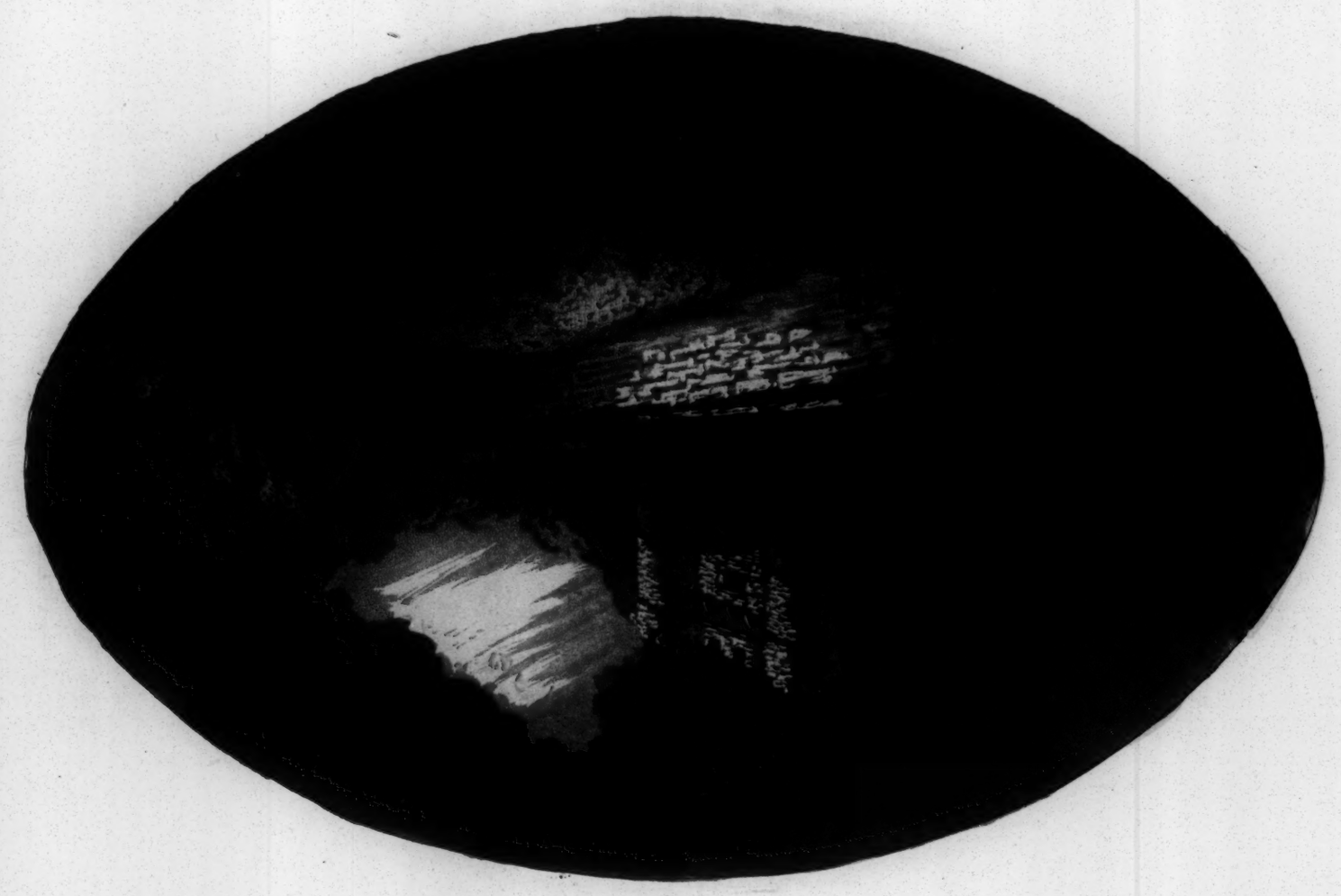


there; as may be learned from many circumſtances attending the impriſonment of king Charles.

In order to enter the caſtle by the principal road, you paſs through the great gate, which is flanked by two large round towers. This gate and the towers are thoſe mentioned to have been built by lord Woodville, in the reign of Edward the Fourth. The lattice wicket, though it has been ſo many years in uſe, is not in the ſmalleſt degree injured by Time. Both the inſide and outſide of it are lined with iron bars, and they muſt be ſeveral tons weight.

Having paſſed this gate, you enter the caſtle yard; where on the right hand ſtands the chapel. From the date over the door, this building was erected in the year 1738; and it ſtands on the ſcite of one which was in exiſtence before the conqueſt. It is dedicated to St. Nicholas, and has a cemetary belonging to it; but neither are at preſent made uſe of.

On the oppoſite ſide, a part of the walls lie in ruins, and more is daily falling to decay.—Near theſe they ſhow you the window at which king Charles is ſaid to have attempted his eſcape. As you proceed, on the ſame ſide, is a large modern-built ſtone houſe, which was deſigned for the reſidence of the governor; but it has been converted to a hoſpital for the military.—The preſent governor, colonel Lee, we however heard, intends in future to make it his ſummer reſidence.—A little farther to the right is the well before deſcribed; beyond which are the remains of another old houſe wherein cattle have been kept.

To the left, in a corner, is a flight of ſteps that lead to the top of the citadel.—The proſpects from hence are very extenſive; but as the ſame ſcenes have been already deſcribed, a repetition of them will be unneceſſary. In the inſide of this receſs are the veſtiges of a well, which is ſaid to have been forty fathoms deep; but it is now nearly filled up. The citadel (or, as it was anciently called, the keep) is ſituated upon a piece of ground con-

conſiderably higher than any other part; an elevation apparently artificial, and moſt probably a work of the indefatigable Romans.

We next aſcended the ramparts and platform which had been erected during the reign of queen Elizabeth.—An entirely new ſcene lies in the valley below theſe. Though it is but ſmall, a very pleaſing variety diſplays itſelf in the bottom; and the ſame is continued round the whole of the remaining walls of the caſtle, except where time, or the want of materials, have levelled a few of their ſupporters.

The outward appearance of the caſtle is very picturesque, and affords many pleaſing views.—The ground on which the walls ſtand is finely broken, and well verdured.

The height of the caſtle from the valley is at leaſt three hundred feet; which gives it every advantage that any ſpot on this ſide the range of mountains extending to Yarmouth and Freſhwater could poſſeſs, both as a place of defence againſt the weapons anciently

ciently uſed, and at this time as affording a grand and agreeable ſight.

Several advantageous views may be had of it from different parts of the village of Cariſbrook; and, indeed, for ocular ſatisfaction, the views from thence are the moſt admired.—When ſeen from almoſt every ſpot around, it affords a fund of delight to the traveller whoſe mind is ſuſceptible of the tranſports which pictureſque ſcenes excite;—eſpecially to thoſe who love to contemplate the fretted Gothic arch;—the nodding battlements;—or the ruined tower;—all which tend to recall to his memory the ancient ſtate and ſplendour of the Engliſh barons.

Having again paſſed round the boundaries of this ſtately relique of the fortreſſes of former times, we deſcended to the village of Cariſbrook,—which, independent of its delightful ſituation, is by far the pleaſanteſt village in the vicinity of Newport.—A murmuring ſtream, bubbling over the pebbles that obſtruct its courſe, becomes a pleaſing

object

object for its fore-ground, and adds to the beauties of the place.

To which the church likewiſe affords no mean aſſiſtance; it being the moſt picturesque in the iſland.—That which comes neareſt to it is the church of Chale;—the latter, however, is not quite ſo large, nor the appearance of it ſo much in the Gothic ſtile. —The tower is of conſiderable height, and it has ſeveral ſpires, or, more properly, architectural ornaments, that greatly embelliſh it. —The large window is much ſuperior to any of thoſe in the other churches of the iſland. In ſhort, a fine ſymmetry runs through the whole building, and procures for it that preference it ſo juſtly claims.

The houſes and cottages in the village are likewiſe very picturesque, and not only harmoniouſly pleaſing to the ſight, but furniſh a ſubject not unworthy of the pencil.

The priory, which is ſituated near the church, was formerly a convent of black monks. It was at firſt a cell to the abbey

of Lyra in Normandy;—afterwards to that of Montgrace in Yorkſhire;—and at laſt to the Ciſtercians at Sheen.

This, with the caſtle and the church, are the whole of the relics of antiquity here;—but it now wants all thoſe additional parts of which it was once compoſed, to render it worthy of notice.—The walls are ſo inconſiderable, and the whole of the remains ſo meanly formal, that a view of it does not inſpire an idea of what it formerly muſt have been.—The wall on the weſt ſide contributes to form a hovel for carts, and is thatched over.—The other parts are covered with ivy, and moſs; without one pleaſing object around it.

SECTION XXIII.

DEPARTING from hence, we entered the road to Yarmouth, intending to ſkirt all the ridge of hills which we had ſeen, and have already deſcribed, during our prior route from Newtown and Shalfleet to that ſeaport.

The road, after leaving Cariſbrook, is cut on the ſide of a chalky hill for near a mile; and commands the beautiful vale of Parkhurſt, the whole of the way from Park green till the eye reaches Shalfleet lake, where the woods of the New Foreſt range in the diſtance, and cloſe the view of the intervening part of the Solent.—To our left hand the ridge of mountains commenced, which ſhoot away towards Allum Bay on one ſide, and to Afton on the other.

The next ſpot we came to of note was Park croſs;—a moſt luxurious ſcene, and poſſeſſed of every requiſite to make it an ineſtimable picture. The fore-ground was

bounded by a few noble oaks, and a piece of water, relieved by the downs of Boucombe. The valley was clothed with every tint that the declining ſun could diffuſe among its vegetations; nor was there in any part throughout the whole a want of water.

The ſcene at once delighted and amuſed us; as it conſiſted of wild Nature ſcattering beauties over the richeſt profuſion of landſcape that could encounter the ſight.

On our right, the downs roſe with ſplendour, and gave a nobleneſs to all that was ſpread beneath them; while the vallies, ſmiling, as if in gratitude for the bounties which Nature had ſtrewed with ſo unſparing a hand over their ſurface, contributed their utmoſt aid to complete the voluptuous ſcene.

For luxuriance, this little ſpot claims a ſuperiority over many of the other vales in the iſland, beautiful and picturesque as moſt of them are. The ſloping banks that form its bounds are ſweetly variegated with all that can pleaſe the imagination;—the cheering

ing beams of the ſun, though declining, ſhone with unwonted luſtre ;—the timorous herd, ſcattered underneath the noble oaks, diſplayed their ſpotted veſts from amidſt the ſheltering thickets ;—while carefully erect, the more fearful does, attended by their frightened fawns, ſtood liſtening to a few noiſy village curs that yelped from an adjacent farm :—a combination of ſcenes, warm from the hand of Nature, all tending to impreſs the mind with thoſe exquiſite ſenſations which are only excited by ſuch calm and tranquil ſcenes.—Scenes, that while they delight the eye, and elevate the imagination, amend the heart, and diſpoſe it to the exertion of every amiable propenſity. For my own part, ſuch ſcenes afford me greater ſatisfaction for the inſtant, than it would be in the power of unbounded empire to beſtow.

Such were the pleaſures we received from a contemplation of the vale of Alvington. With regret we left theſe lovely ſcenes to deſcend to views which will not bear a compariſon with the foregoing.—The hills to

our

our left hung ſlothfully over us, as if indifferent whether or not they appeared agreeable in our eyes.—A diſtorted elm, in a falling poſition, bent its branches to the ground, and ſeemed conſcious of a miſerable exiſtence;—while the very flints and chalk that compoſed the ſubſtance of the ground, greatly added to the inequality that was ſo viſible between them and the valley over which they nodded. At length the willow woods of Swanſton in ſome meaſure cheered the ſcene.

On an extenſive riſing plain ſtands Swanſton-houſe, the ſeat of ſir Fitz-William Barrington.—The manſion is plain, but pleaſing to the view, and is ſeen to the beſt advantage on the road from Newtown leading to Yarmouth. On the right it is encompaſſed by a tract of woody land, and at its back are the downs of Boucombe, and its own coppices.

The inſide of the houſe is very antique, but remarkably neat.—The ſtaircaſes and walls are chiefly wainſcotted with a wood which

which we took to be oak or walnut, and were remarkably ſhining.

From the drawing room there is a fine view over the ſurrounding country. We found this apartment to be genteel, without any of that heavy grandeur we had ſeen at Appuldurcombe. A ſhip piece over the fire place, by Brooking, or Peters, attracted our attention.—It has all the uſual ſpirit of theſe maſters.—The ſea is peculiarly well handled.

In the breakfaſt room there are ſeveral ancient portraits of the family, and ſome of them very highly touched.—One in particular of Jonas Barrington, Eſq. painted in 1664, is ſuperior to any of them.

The other rooms on the ground floor are likewiſe ſo ſituated as to command pleaſing views of the Solent ſea and the New Foreſt.

In a bed room, on the firſt floor, we ſaw a portrait in miniature of the lady of Mr. Barrington, of Wippingham—a moſt delicate

cate and highly-finiſhed picture.—The attitude graceful, with every charm to render it a maſterpiece. The artiſt has been peculiarly happy in the likeneſs, and he has *almoſt* done juſtice to the original.

Paſſing through the bed rooms, we obſerved that they were elegant, but, at the ſame time, without the leaſt appearance of tawdryneſs ; and each had a dreſſing room annexed to it.

We now returned over the hill ; and paſſing a delightful range of ſcenery on the right, with the opening of the north ſide of Brixton down to the left, made for the village of Calbourne, which is ſituated at the foot of thoſe downs.

In a triangular receſs of elms and aſh ſtands the village, abounding with every pleaſure that retirement can furniſh, to render it deſirable.—The church is ſimple, without any leading features to attract notice.

At

At the foot of the hills run ſeveral ſprings, which form a reſpectable ſheet of water, and at length produces a ſmall artificial caſcade. The overflowing forms a brook, that has a communication with an arm of the haven of Newtown.

The principal houſes here are that in which the reverend Mr. Porter reſides, and another ſituated oppoſite, and divided from it only by the road, belonging to L. T. Holmes, Eſq. mayor of Newport. The latter, generally known by the name of Weſtover houſe, ſtands on an eminence, and has commanding proſpects over all the north-weſt part of the iſland, as well as towards Alvington and Parkhurſt, down to the river Medina. The hoſpitality of this manſion is too well known to all ſtrangers to need an encomium here.

Leaving Weſtover to the right, we proceeded into the Yarmouth road, where the hills of Freſhwater, on the left, roſe with as much ſplendour as when we ſaw them before from Wilmingham.—But as we have al-

ready deſcribed theſe ſcenes in our route from Yarmouth to Freſhwater, a repetition of them will be needleſs.

We now returned to the road we had purſued before to Newtown ; but nothing occurred more than had been ſurveyed by us in our prior route.

As we are about to complete the account of our tour round the iſland by land, it may not be amiſs to obſerve, that when we ſat out from Newport to paſs round the iſland, we commenced our obſervations relative to the coaſt, from Newtown, and omitted to begin at Cowes, (which in fact is the leaſt noticeable, in point of novelty or beauty, of any part on the whole iſland,) in order to enjoy the ſcenes from Alvington, which at that time more particularly engaged our attention.

Croſſing now the left ſtream of Newtown at Underwood, we came to Elmſworth, a rural little ſpot ; from whence we had a diſtinct view of Thorneſs Bay, part of which has a great

great variety, and is well wooded. All the oppoſite ſhores of Hampſhire were thoſe we continually had ſeen from the interior parts; and though the Solent ſeemed to be broader, it loſt a conſiderable degree of that grand appearance it had exhibited when ſeen at a greater diſtance.

We had, however, ſeveral haſty touches of Nature; for the clouds that ſo frequently ſurround, as before obſerved, a September ſetting ſun, twice diſplayed a perfect piece of compoſition.—The beams of the ſun, darting from behind the diſtant clouds, touched the higher part of the foreſt with a ſoft light, which gradually declined as it advanced towards the water; where all the ſhore, for a great width, lay in obſcurity, as did a part of the ſea; till, near mid channel, another gleam of light broke forth, and ran through the ſcene; when, reaching Thorneſs Bay, it died gently away, and left the land, from the beach to a parcel of oaks that hung over a piece of water in the fore-ground, in an entire ſhadow.

Paſſing through Great Thorneſs, we entered Rue-ſtreet, and made for the ſtone quarries at Gurnet bay. The ſoil here is ſo various, that the ſubſtance of it changes almoſt every quarter of a mile ;—ſometimes it conſiſted of a black mould ;—then of clay ;—now of chalk, gravel, or loam ;—and in this manner it varied till we entered the vale of Gurnet marſh.

During the winter the ſea makes frequent intruſions on theſe marſhes, and ſometimes renders them almoſt impaſſable.

Proceeding onward, we arrived at the ſtone quarries, as they are termed ; but the ſea, by its inceſſant attacks, does more towards looſening the ſtones than the labours of the workmen.—All along the ſhore runs a vein of very durable ſtone, a part of which the waves, almoſt every tide, bring down.

The ſcene here is totally different from moſt of the other parts of the coaſt, forming noble maſſes of true rock ;—but though there is an air of grandeur about them, they

are

are inferior in this reſpect to thoſe of Allum Bay.

The works at Portſmouth are conſtructed of the ſtone from hence.—When the weather permits, three or four ſloops generally lie in the bay in order to load with it. Its coat is proof againſt the unremitting attacks of time, or of the weather. The ſurface of it is much firmer than that brought from Portland or Purbeck; and it is held in higher eſtimation by the inhabitants of this iſland, who conſtruct moſt of their dwelling houſes with it.

Returning from the quarries, we had a moſt luxurious proſpect of the vale that leads from the marſhes of Gurnet to Alvington foreſt. The trees grow down on both ſides to its bottom, and it is terminated by the mountains of Cariſbrook and Gatcombe.

From hence we ſtruck down to the ſeat of Mr. Collins, at Egypt, the northernmoſt point of the iſland, and paſſed the land we had

had ſo frequently viewed from the Hampſhire ſhores. Eaglehurſt and Calſhot Caſtle are the moſt remarkable objects from hence, and are greatly adorned by the wood and water that encircle them.

Now ſtriking into the road that leads to Cowes, we paſſed the church, and, deſcending the hill, entered the town,—having viewed the iſland in every direction that a horſe road would afford.

SECTION

SECTION XXIV.

" FROM amber ſhrouds I ſee the morning riſe;
" Her roſy hands begin to paint the ſkies;
" High cliffs and rocks are pleaſing objects now,
" And Nature ſmiles upon the mountain's brow;
" The joyful birds ſalute the ſun's approach;
" The ſun too laughs, and mounts his gaudy coach;
" While from his car the dropping gems diſtil."—

LEE.

In an hour like this,—with the mind awake to every ſenſation ſuch a cheerful morning, amidſt ſuch pleaſing ſcenes, could inſpire,—did we commence our voyage, in order to take a view of the different ſhores of the iſland from the circumambient ſea.

We are embarked;--the ſails ſhiver in the wind;—the tide has begun to ebb;—and we leave the harbour of Weſt Cowes. Stretching to the northward, we cleared Old-Caſtle point, where, as already mentioned, there was formerly a fortification, of which only a part of the ſcite at preſent remains.

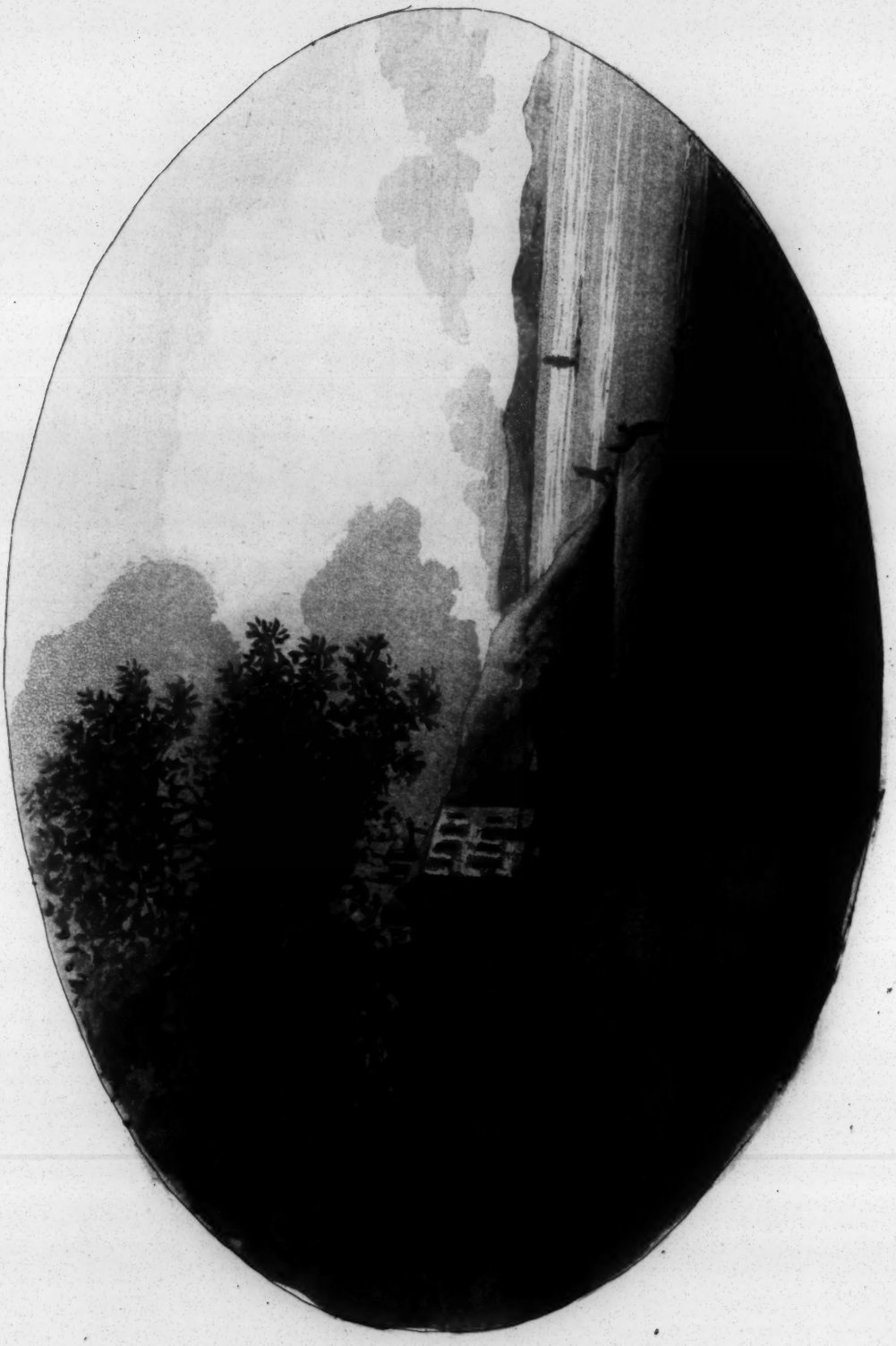
The

The point, as we paſſed it, received no inconſiderable addition to its beauty from the blooming rays of the morning.—The woods and ſhrubs by which it is covered, deſcended to the ſhore, and produced a clear view of its faſcinating banks.—In this reſpect, the ſhore was pleaſingly lined, without too much formality.

Standing in with it, we paſſed down the eaſt ſide of Oſborne, of which we had a good view; as we likewiſe had of Norris ſea-mark —The former of theſe is ſeen to advantage, in one point of view, from the water; but in all others, its beauties are obſcured by the great number of oaks that ſurround it.

Verging ſtill on the ſhore, we paſſed the ſpot where Barton houſe ſtands; and ſailing on, came to the ſcreens of wood that range down the extremities of King key. The principal trees which compoſe theſe ſcreens are oaks, and they ſhone in every luxuriance that a miſt, breaking over their tops, through the attractive power of the ſun, could produce. A creek enters here, and runs inland

for



for ſome way ; but it is very inconſiderable, both as to its depth and grandeur.

Continuing our courſe along the ſame kind of ſhore, we arrived at Fiſhborne creek.—This ſweet ſpot we had already coaſted from the mill to the ſea, as mentioned in a former account of it ; therefore nothing more than we had then ſeen broke on our ſight, except the ſun diſpelling the vapours of the morning, which hid the higheſt ſummits of Aſhey down.

We obſerved with pleaſure that the valley was in a perfect light, while the tops of the ſurrounding mountains were buried in total oblivion by the hazy dew.—Many are the tranſits of light ; and greatly different are the effects of the morning and evening.—The colouring at theſe times varies ſo much, that it requires intenſe ſtudy to convey properly by the pencil every tint which proclaims a ſun-riſe.

The moſt forcible tint on the ſun's aſcending the horizon, is a bright yellow, and

entirely free from thoſe reds that attend an evening declination ;—grey gleams uſually accompany its aſcenſion ; and if not too ſtrong, they diſpel in a ſhort time after it is riſen. When theſe clouds become of a more obſtinate texture, they commonly obſcure the ſun for ſome time ;—at that moment the colouring becomes a deep mazarine blue, with tinges of white above its centre, and ſtrong lines of warm yellow at the bottom.

During all theſe effects, the ſea receives an aſtoniſhing diverſity of ſhades, but particularly a bright Saxon green. If the light can break any where on the fore-ground through the cloud, the other parts in ſhade nearly correſpond with the depth of colour in the cloud ; while the ſurf that beats on the ſhore, being ſtrongly impregnated with ſand, ſhines in a light ochre.

As I have frequently watched the breaking of the morning on the iſland, I generally obſerved theſe effects to be produced ; eſpecially in September. — During that month

month a ſun-ſet gives finer colours than at any other time of the year; which may be attributed to the great ſtrength of the vapours that are then exhaled from the vallies, and produce ſtronger colours;—and theſe, when ſeen in the diſtance, have all that fire and warmth with which Mr. Loutherbourg ſo finely pourtrays ſuch ſcenes after Nature.

This glow in the works of the artiſt juſt mentioned, I have often heard ſeverely cenſured, as being unnatural;—but from the frequent opportunities I have had of comparing his works with the operations of Nature, I may venture to ſay, that he approaches as near to Nature as any living artiſt. And although his works have furniſhed a ſubject for the ſatirical pen of Peter Pindar, I muſt add, that I ſhould be happy if I could diſcern as much true taſte and judgment in the pen of the latter, as in the elegant and natural pencil of the former.

Paſſing Fiſh houſe and the woods of

Quarr Abbey, we tacked to the eaſtern extremity of the Mother Bank, where the view extended from the entrance of Southampton water to that of Portſmouth harbour. — Little elſe preſented itſelf more than what we had ſeen on our paſſage to the iſland.

A large receſs of water intrudes on the lands near Quarr Abbey.—Here was formerly a ſtone quarry of ſome conſideration, but now little uſe is made of it.

Still coaſting the iſland, we paſſed the village of Ride, which, as already obſerved, exhibits a perfect *fac ſimile* of Vangoen's deſigns. The houſes hang on the water's edge, with a few formal trees about them;—they appear to be ſmall,—many of them mere cabbins. Nothing intereſting is viſible near this place.

We continued tacking till we made Appley, where ſeveral points break at once on the ſight. The ſhore here is very rocky, and formerly produced a great quantity of durable

durable ſtone; but as the beach is very dangerous, and it was deemed unſafe to venture on it, the principal quarries worked at this time on the iſland are thoſe of Gurnet.

A little farther on is Old Fort, where the land is more diverſified.—Near it are ſome ſalt works.

The ſame kind of ſhore preſented itſelf till we had got beyond Nettleſtone Priory. —A great quantity of rock has here fallen from the cliffs, and, tinctured by the iron ore that lies among it, gives a diverſity of colouring.—The ſhores are alſo ſtrongly infuſed with copperas, and have frequently a ſimilar appearance to what we ſaw at Allum Bay; but they have not that variety of boldneſs. Juſt at the bottom of the hill of St. Helen's we had a good view of the Old Church ſea-mark, which we gave ſome account of when treating of that ſpot.

Croſſing from St. Helen's point to that of Bimbridge, we had a very diſtinct view of the

the vale which reaches from Brading to Appuldurcombe. We have already obſerved, that the great quantities of ſand which is continually drifting into the harbour, off the mouth of which we now were, had rendered ineffectual every attempt to make it a receptacle for ſhips of burden.—Many experiments for that purpoſe, excited by the apparent utility of the plan, have been made; but they have all proved fruitleſs.

Leaving the ſandy point of Bimbridge, we next came to the eaſtern extremity of the iſland, to which the name of Foreland point is given.—Here the cliffs begin to aſſume another appearance, with regard to the ſoil.—A fine ſandy beach extends the whole of the way from the Foreland, over Bimbridge ledge, to Culver cliffs.

Theſe cliffs are very high, and, like thoſe of Freſhwater, appear white and grey, with ſmall interpoſitions of verdure clinging to their ſurface.—They are inhabited, as already noticed, chiefly by gulls.—This ſpecies

cies having been driven by the puffings and other birds from Mainbench and the Needles, take up their reſidence here; and one peculiarity relative to them is worthy of notice:—It is not uncommon to ſee many hundreds of them floating on the water, without any other motion than the billows occaſion; during which they keep in a direct line, not one of them being in the leaſt before the other, and in a cloſe compacted order;—the young ones eſpecially ſometimes preſerve this regular poſition for many ſucceſſive hours.

Wild ducks are alſo found on this coaſt in great profuſion; but it is very difficult to get near them, as they dive at the moſt diſtant approach of danger;—the only time to get a ſhot at them, is the moment they recover the ſurface of the water from their immerſion.

In this cliff there is a cavity, which the country people tell you was formerly a hermit's cell; but from its ſituation, with regard to the tide, which frequently flows into

into it, I ſomewhat doubt the validity of theſe good peoples conjecture.—The hole extends to a conſiderable depth, but has nothing to recommend it to notice, except its dreary ſides.

As we ſkirted along Sandown bay, as cloſe to the ſhore as the depth of water would permit, we found that the bottom conſiſted of a fine hard ſand, and ran off with a gradual deſcent from the cliffs.—The downs of Yaverland, viewed from it, appeared very high, and gave a noble effect to the bay.

SECTION

SECTION XXV.

THE next attractive object from the water is the beautiful ſituation and proſpect of Mr. Wilkes's ſeat. — When viewed from hence, it has a much handſomer appearance than from any nearer point;—and much I doubt which claims the preference,—the view of it from the water, or its own proſpects of the water.—Indeed both are alike intereſting and deſerving of notice.

More to the ſouthward of the valley the rocks aſſume a deeper die, and a part of them are perfectly black.—This appearance ariſes from the nature of the ſoil, which, from the pieces of earth found on the beach, much reſembles ſlate, only of a darker hue, and of a ſofter texture. Shewing ſome ſpecimens of this earth to a gentleman well verſed in natural hiſtory and mineralogy, he informed us, that wherever ſuch a ſubſtance is met with, it is a certain indication that veins of coals are near. This in-

formation ſeems to confirm the account we had before received, of there having formerly been coal mines in theſe parts belonging to the Worſley family, but which had long ceaſed working, the produce of them not having proved adequate to the expence.

Joined to the ſeveral ſpecimens of minerals, we obſerved the rocks at low water to be covered with weeds of uncommon brightneſs, which proved a fine contraſt to the gloomy colouring of the cliffs.

A fiſh of a peculiar nature, called a ſand eel, is found in this bay, and here only;—in ſize they ſeldom exceed three or four inches; are very thin; and reſemble a ſmelt, both in colour and fragrance.—The manner in which they are taken is very ſimple.—The fiſhermen, at low water, turn up the ſand with a three-pronged fork; when the fiſh, which lie buried therein, leap out, and are taken.—Great quantities are caught here by this method.

Another

Another particular ſpecies of fiſh is likewiſe ſeen here in equal abundance, to which they give the name of Sandhopper, from its motion, which conſiſts of a hop or bound, like that of a graſshopper; in all other reſpects it reſembles a ſhrimp, as well in make as in colour. At low water they lie in vaſt numbers on the ſhore, and furniſh the hogs in the neighbourhood with an excellent and nutritious repaſt. As ſoon as the tide goes down, many of theſe animals reſort regularly to the beach, where they devour them with great voluptuouſneſs.

As we paſſed Shanklin Chine, it loſt no ſhare of its grandeur, but rather appeared to greater advantage; eſpecially the aſcents of Horſe lodge; which form the ſouthern extremity of this bay.—The ſides of theſe are abruptly broken, and are pleaſingly irregular; with frequent traces of channels cauſed by the impetuous ſtreams of torrents. The colouring with which the ſurface of this rock is tinted, is in general black and cold, without a ſufficient quantity of ſhrubs or moſs to variegate it.

The next object that attracted our attention was Dunnoſe, a point of rocky land lying to the ſouthward of Luccombe chine. The ſhore here is thickly ſtrewed with iron ore and copperas, and has a very diſagreeable appearance from the water.

Over this, when the veſſel kept to windward, in order to weather the point, the downs of Luccombe and St. Bonniface ſeemed to claſh near on its awful pendant ſides; and appeared a terrific object.—The aſcent of this tremendous rock, from low-water mark to the top of the downs, is near ſeven hundred feet.—Some idea of its extreme elevation may be formed from the appearance of the ſheep that graze on its ſides.—Viewed from the veſſel we were in, as ſhe was ſailing on, at no great diſtance from the ſhore, they appeared like ſmall white dots, devoid of all reſemblance to their natural ſhape.—Even the adjacent chine of Luccombe did not command that attention as when you deſcend it from its vale.

On account of the great number of rocks which

which ſtretch from hence into the ſea, this coaſt is dangerous for ſhips of burden, and hazardous to any veſſel larger than a wherry.

The day beginning to cloſe very faſt, when we had reached thus far, we found ourſelves obliged to make for Steephill, in order to paſs the night.—The coaſt continued all the way to that place in the ſame rugged uncouth ſtile; forming nothing but cliffs, and a few waterfalls.—Of theſe we had not a ſufficient ſight when we paſſed it before in our land excurſion, but being now on a level with it, we were able to pay more attention to it.

Some of the cliffs are white, others more of a clayey nature, but equally pictureſque, being adorned with clinging ſhrubs.—A few boat-houſes belonging to fiſhermen, with their baſkets for catching crabs lying near them, are the chief objects, except the rocks that adorn the fore-grounds, and two or three ſtaved boats.—A ſmall waterfall likewiſe, that forced itſelf over a large ſtone,

and

and made its way to the ſea, ruſhed very rudely and pictureſquely through a few ſhrubs, which encircle its courſe, and thrive with the nutriment it affords.

The hills of Bonchurch appeared as a very pleaſing contraſt to the white cliffs which bordered on the ſhore, together with noble maſſes of rocks, finely variegated with moſs, ivy, and young ſucklings.—The cottages in ſight have every rude beauty befitting ſo admirable a compoſition, and rather add ſublimity to the ſubject than otherwiſe.

With great caution our ſeamen conducted us to Ventnor mill.—This object loſes its precedence when ſeen in any other point of view than near ;—indeed nothing but its novelty entitles it to attention.

This mill, at its head, has a double pond; and when, through a heavy rain, the water pours with univerſal violence from the mountains, the people belonging to it immediately

mediately give it vent, otherwiſe the whole fabric would be waſhed into the ſea.

The variety that is viſible between Culver cliffs and this ſpot exceeds credibility.

The wind dying away, and the tide making in very ſtrongly from the weſtward, we now betook ourſelves to a wherry, and landed under Steephill.

We had once before taken up our reſidence at the inn at Steephill; and then, as well as now, we met with every accommodation we could wiſh for;—and, upon occaſion, three or four travellers may be accommodated for the night;—but when a party viſits it, I would hint to them, that more than the foregoing number cannot ſleep there with convenience.

The houſe of the honourable Mr. Tollemache, before deſcribed, is from hence a deſirable object, but too much ſecluded from the ſight by the quantity of wood that

that ſurrounds it.—At a greater diſtance I have not the ſmalleſt doubt of its becoming ſtill more intereſting.—And indeed we found this obſervation verified upon looking back, as we paſſed it, the next day.

The hills of Steephill range with great beauty, when viewed from the ſea, and are not much ſurpaſſed by any in the iſland.—What moſt claimed our admiration in this ſpot was the combination of the rocks, and, at the ſame time, the diverſity of them.—At Allum Bay ſcarce any ſhrubs cover the rocks there; they are not however leſs beautiful on that account; for as they lie in large maſſes, ſhrubs meanly ſcattered would only ruin the effect.

Here the rocks are ſolid, with ſquarer angles; they are notwithſtanding finely harmonized, and abound with all the boaſts of Nature to complete the ſight. This part would ſuffer much in beauty were it not for the verdure which ſkirts its ſides.—

Immenſe

Immenſe dells would otherwiſe continually preſent what Nature has ſo happily thrown into ſhadow, and thus relieved the eye from being hurt by its defects.

SECTION XXVI.

IN the morning we re-embarked, and ſtood again to ſea, in order to avoid the dangerous conſequences of its rugged bottom near ſhore.—When the tide flows gently in, and the water juſt covers the tops of theſe lurking rocks, unleſs you have a fiſherman, or at leaſt a native of the coaſt, with you, you ſtand a chance of having your boat ſtove by them.—Even experienced ſeamen are diſagreeably ſituated when they land here, without being well acquainted with the coaſt.

Proceeding now cloſe to the ſhore of Undercliff, or Underwath, as the country people ſometimes term it, we found the appearance of the coaſt very changeable, but highly tinted with its hanging woods and variegated ſoil.—At every avenue that would admit of it, ſome broken bold promontory ſtruck the ſight, and continually cloſed the ſide ſcreens.—Theſe mountainous tracks often preſented greater beauties when ſeen from

from the ſea, than when we were between them and the cliffs that bordered on the ſtrand.

At the time we had paſſed Undercliff on horſeback, the ſhore was entirely hid from us, and we could ſee nothing but the downs, which hung ſhelving over our heads;—but now we reaped every advantage that diſtance could give, as it blended the heights with all that compoſes landſcape; namely, rock, wood, mountains, and water.

The village of St. Lawrence preſents a greater degree of novelty than of grandeur; it however ſerves to relieve the diſagreeable appearance that the ſhore is at intervals poſſeſſed of. A number of boat-houſes are ſeen, belonging to the fiſhermen; who, between the employment of fiſhing, which they follow as often as the weather will permit, and occaſional labour on ſhore, gain a comfortable winter ſubſiſtence.

We obſerved here the ſmall caſcade, which, as already mentioned, had been

 magnified,

magnified, by a gentleman who wrote a tour round the iſland, into a ſize that impreſſed the mind with the expectation of ſeeing a Switzerland cataract.—Though in point of magnitude it is far ſhort of what, from that account, we were taught to expect, it is upon the whole pleaſing.—The ſhrubs that grow from its ſides act in harmony with the other parts, and give an agreeable glow to the reſt of the tints,—making a ſmall deſirable ſtudy.

Still tracing the ſhore, we met nearly with the ſame objects that had ranged the foregoing parts, particularly the rocks and ſhrubs, till we came to the rocks which terminate the range of Undercliff, near Crab Niton.

We have already mentioned that the village of Niton receives the additional denomination of *Crab*, from the fiſh of that name, which abound on its ſhore ;—but we did not then add, as we ſhould have done, that this term gives great offence to the inhabitants, who generally conceive that it is meant to denote

denote their being *crabbed*, or illnatured.—They therefore, whenever their place of reſidence is mentioned, and the word crab attached to it, immediately take offence, and are ready to reſent the ſuppoſed indignity.

The fact is, that the term is given to it to diſtinguiſh it from another place in the iſland, which ſounds the ſame, though it is not ſpelt in the ſame manner; namely, Knighton, near Newchurch, where Mr. Biſſet's ſeat is. We have been thus particular relative to ſo trivial a circumſtance, as the want of a knowledge of it might ſubject a ſtranger, who may inadvertently aſk the road to it, to a churliſh reply, if not to a downright affront.

The break of rocks from the termination of Old park to that of Niton down, where it again commences, is near half a mile.—The opening leads to the Newport road; and likewiſe to Godſhill and Whitwell, which lie behind the downs that encircle the ſhore.

A little

A little farther to the weſtward, we arrived at the ſouthernmoſt point of the iſland, well known both by the name of St. Catherine's and Rocken-Race end;—a part that could not but be agreeable to us, as near it we experienced the hoſpitality of the farmer, whoſe benevolence and enviable ſituation we have before ſpoken of, and would wiſh to commemorate upon all occaſions.

Theſe rocks, which finally terminate the range of Underwath, are higher than any of the others.—Sir Richard Worſley ſays, that the hill of St. Catherine's, from its top to the water's edge, meaſures ſeven hundred and fifty feet;—judging from its appearance, I think the depth rather greater.

When viewed from even a ſmall diſtance, they appear more like fortifications than any other object I can think of.—Joined to the awfulneſs which they naturally inſpire, they poſſeſs an eminent degree of that ſpecimen of Nature we ſeldom meet with. The terrific aſcent of St. Catherine's

is

is well verdured; and though bold in its declination towards the ſea, has nothing diſguſting in its appearance.—A valley, apparently formed by art, ranges round the weſtermoſt part of it.—Near the bottom, on the eaſtermoſt ſide, is a fertile ſpot, with ſeveral cottages on its cheerful brow.—The trees alſo exhibit a convincing proof of the prevalence of the weſterly winds, as they all bend their lofty tops towards the mountain.

Having weathered the point of Rocken end, an entire new ſcene preſented itſelf.—Chale's dangerous bay firſt encountered the ſight.—Of this we had taken a thorough view before, and nothing new was obſervable, but a ſtill greater deformity in its uncouth, reſtleſs, billowy ſhore.

The principal objects from it are Walpan and Blackgang chines, with the dropping well of the latter.—All this part is poſſeſſed of that kind of appearance which, while it excites horror, ſtill pleaſes the imagination; as we ſee Nature running riot,

and

and overleaping all bounds.—But while ſhe thus pleaſes the ſpeculative traveller, ſhe appears terrific to thoſe whom chance or accident may drive upon the coaſt. When viewed from the ſhore, the rolling billows, tinged with refracted rays of light, convey exquiſite pleaſure to the mind; but at the ſame time they may be fraught with deſtruction to the unfortunate mariner.—There is ſcarcely perhaps a ſpot in the univerſe more peculiarly adapted to excite theſe opponent ſenſations than Chale bay.

Little of novelty is to be met with from hence to Freſhwater, except the ſmall variation in the downs of Brixton and Cheverton.—The valley between theſe downs and the ſea is entirely hid from the ſight.

Paſſing Atherfield point and Compton chine, we entered the bay of Brixton, where the ſea rolled in with increaſed fury, and became really tremendous:—its foaming billows tore up the ſand on the beach, and died the water; giving, at the ſame time, a ſpecimen of their uſual depreda-

tions

tions on the ſhore. There is great reaſon to believe, that if the ſea continues theſe incurſions with the inceſſant violence it has done for the laſt ten years, that in a few centuries this bay will vie with that of Sandown in extent, though it will never be able to equal it in grandeur or nobleneſs.

The chine named Jackman's, is the principal one in the bay.—This leads to Brixton village, where the brook already deſcribed paſſes through from Mottiſtone.

Still coaſting on, we paſſed Brook chine and Compton village, when we reached the bay of Freſhwater, the romantic beauties of which had before excited our warmeſt feelings; and theſe we now re-enjoyed.—Here the craggy rocks of Undercliff are entirely loſt to the ſight.

All the way from the cave along the Main bench, are a number of chaſms in the cliffs, ſome rent half way down, with continual receſſes and caves at the bottom. Various kinds of the exotic feathered race are their

habitants; who, like the ſolitary lapwing, avoid the haunts of man.

Few places can produce a finer ſtudy for reflections.—The rocks, though not pictureſque themſelves, have great charms when imprinted on the ſubjacent mirror;—their tints are then finely harmonized, and give noble broad effects of ſhadow.—They are compoſed, in a great meaſure, of grey flint, which, when blended with the ſhrubs, is rather pleaſing than pictureſque.

Several ſprings, that flow from the ſides of the mountain, precipitate themſelves into the ſea; but they all appear too contemptible for the pencil.

Paſſing the cliffs of Main bench, we once more arrived at the Needles, and from thence entered Allum bay; but were obliged to keep a conſiderable diſtance from the ſhore, as we had done all the way from Steephill. From the water, the land has a remarkably beautiful and pictureſque appearance.—Its variegation and ſudden knolls

knolls are not among the leaſt of its beauties.—The abrupt ridges, and ſmall falls of water, are alſo very intereſting.—When a ſtream iſſues near five hundred feet from the ſurface of the ground, and precipitates from that height, though it might be but ſmall, it cannot fail of giving pleaſure to the ſpectator.

Such a fall may alſo be accounted picturesque, though it does not deſerve the appellation of grand.—The continual interruption the ſtream meets with from the clumps that accidentally lie in its way, are however of great utility to an artiſt.—It is only enlarging the ſtream and diminiſhing the rocks, and a repreſentation of this ſpot in a picture might delude you into a belief that it was a Switzerland beauty.

Theſe little liberties are allowable to an artiſt, except when an exact repreſentation of the ſpot is required ;—and even then he may enlarge the waterfall to

any dimenſions, as in the rainy ſeaſon it is a perfect torrent; but when the ſwell is over, it aſſumes its former moderate ſize.

SECTION

SECTION XXVII.

THE appearance of the coaſt is nearly the ſame throughout the whole way to Totland bay and Warden ledge, with only a ſmall variation in parts where the devaſtation of the ocean has implanted a greater degree of horror. It is not uncommon to ſee large crags overhanging a broad beach, the ſea having undermined them for a conſiderable depth, and left clumps of earth and ſtones, ſo firmly cemented, that they ſometimes hang in this poſition for many months, terrific in appearance, and a dread to the miners.—We were however aſſured that they ſeldom remain in this ſtate above two winters, and, even when brought to a level, they are for a long time a continual nuiſance.

The point of Carey's ſconce introduced us to Yarmouth road.—This is the neareſt projection of the iſland to the neck of land on which Hurſt caſtle ſtands.—It was between theſe two points that, according to ſome

ſome writers, waggons loaded with tin uſed to paſs over at low water, in order to tranſport that metal from Cornwall to this iſland, from whence it was ſhipped to France.—An abſurdity that, in my opinion, is too apparent to need refutation.

For, as a convincing proof that this ſtrait could never have been paſſable for carriages, it is to be remarked, that the tide always begins to flow at the Needles before it is low water in Portſmouth harbour; conſequently there muſt always be a conſiderable depth of water here.

From this circumſtance it is highly improbable that a paſſage was ever attempted here.—Beſides, we find that Southampton was one of the firſt ſea ports erected on the weſtern coaſt, and that it was, from the earlieſt times, the mart to which foreign ſhips reſorted.—So that there does not appear to have been any occaſion for the Corniſh people to bring their tin by ſo hazardous a paſſage to the Iſle of Wight, in order to export it.

It has likewiſe been thought by ſome, that this point of land was anciently united to that on which Hurſt caſtle ſtands;—but from this opinion I muſt alſo beg leave to diſſent.—From the depth of the channel, the ſolidity of the bottom, and the non-appearance of any broken rocks, like the Needles, on either ſhore, I think I may venture to ſay that the conjecture does not ſeem to be well founded.

If ſuch an union ever did exiſt, it muſt have been at a very early period;—but then, as it is moſt reaſonable to ſuppoſe ſuch a ſeparation to have been occaſioned by ſome violent concuſſion of the earth, it might have been expected that marks of ſo ſudden a disjunction would ſtill have been viſible.

Yarmouth road is much frequented by his majeſty's cruizers that are ſtationed in the channel for the prevention of ſmuggling; and whoſe efforts in that point, to the ſatisfaction of the fair trader, have lately been attended with great ſucceſs.

They

They are peculiarly indebted for this benefit to the commander of the Hebe, whoſe courage, prudence, and humanity, are ſo conſpicuous, as to have gained him not only the eſteem of thoſe to whom his exertions are ſerviceable, but even of the ſmugglers themſelves. So much celebrated is he for the latter virtue, that happening while there to mention the name of the captain of the Hebe, I was aſked by a ſeaman preſent, whether I meant the *lenient Thornborough.*

Yarmouth is alſo well known to the gentlemen of the navy for the hoſpitality of a naval officer's houſe in that town, whoſe owner, I believe, ſeldom wants company while a man of war lies in the road.

Leaving the river Yar, or, as it is generally called, Freſhwater lake, on our right, we continued to ſkirt the coaſt; which, for a conſiderable diſtance, exhibits one of thoſe unmeaning features in landſcape that neither attracts nor pleaſes the ſight. The beach is comfortleſs, with a few inſignificant

ſignificant broken maſſes and clumps, but it wanted at this time both colouring and verdure.

About two miles from Yarmouth it aſſumes a gayer face, as it here forms the northernmoſt ridge of mountains; but from the ſea they are ſoon loſt to the ſight, and appear to fall rather pictureſquely. Theſe mountains chiefly encircle the water of Shalfleet, and, when ſeen from Newtown, are a leading beauty to the lake.

A quantity of limeſtone, and abrupt promontories, conſtitute the character of this ſhore, and in many parts it is well tinted. In not a few of theſe ſcenes there was, however, a want of variety to make them intereſting; for we often ſaw noble maſſes of earth in pictureſque ſhapes, and pleaſingly irregular, but, at the ſame time, devoid of the principal beauty, that of colouring.

One ſpot gives you a chill, comfortleſs, gloomy black; another, perhaps, is of an ochre; and theſe tints of themſelves are

 inſipid;

inſipid ; but when the former has thrown off its firſt ſurly appearance, and verges towards a grey, collecting about it a few briars and weeds, it then becomes poetical, and gives ſatisfaction.

Theſe ſcenes are very frequent, and they muſt be accounted for by ſuppoſing that Nature has juſt maſſed her dead colouring.

The ochre of itſelf is likewiſe hurtful to the eyes when diveſted of the fragments of lovely moſs and clinging lichens ; and, if any thing, leſs pleaſing than the former ;— but, on the other hand, juſt caſt its natural ſhrubs upon it, with here and there a ſmall chaſm, and an abrupt piece of limeſtone, over which the verdure ruggedly falls in pleaſing confuſion, and it immediately becomes a ſtudy.

In ſhort, the ſports of Nature are ſo various, that I ſcarcely remember to have ever ſeen, in the diſtance of half a mile, two ſpots exactly reſembling each other. It is but a weary fruitleſs jaunt to endea-

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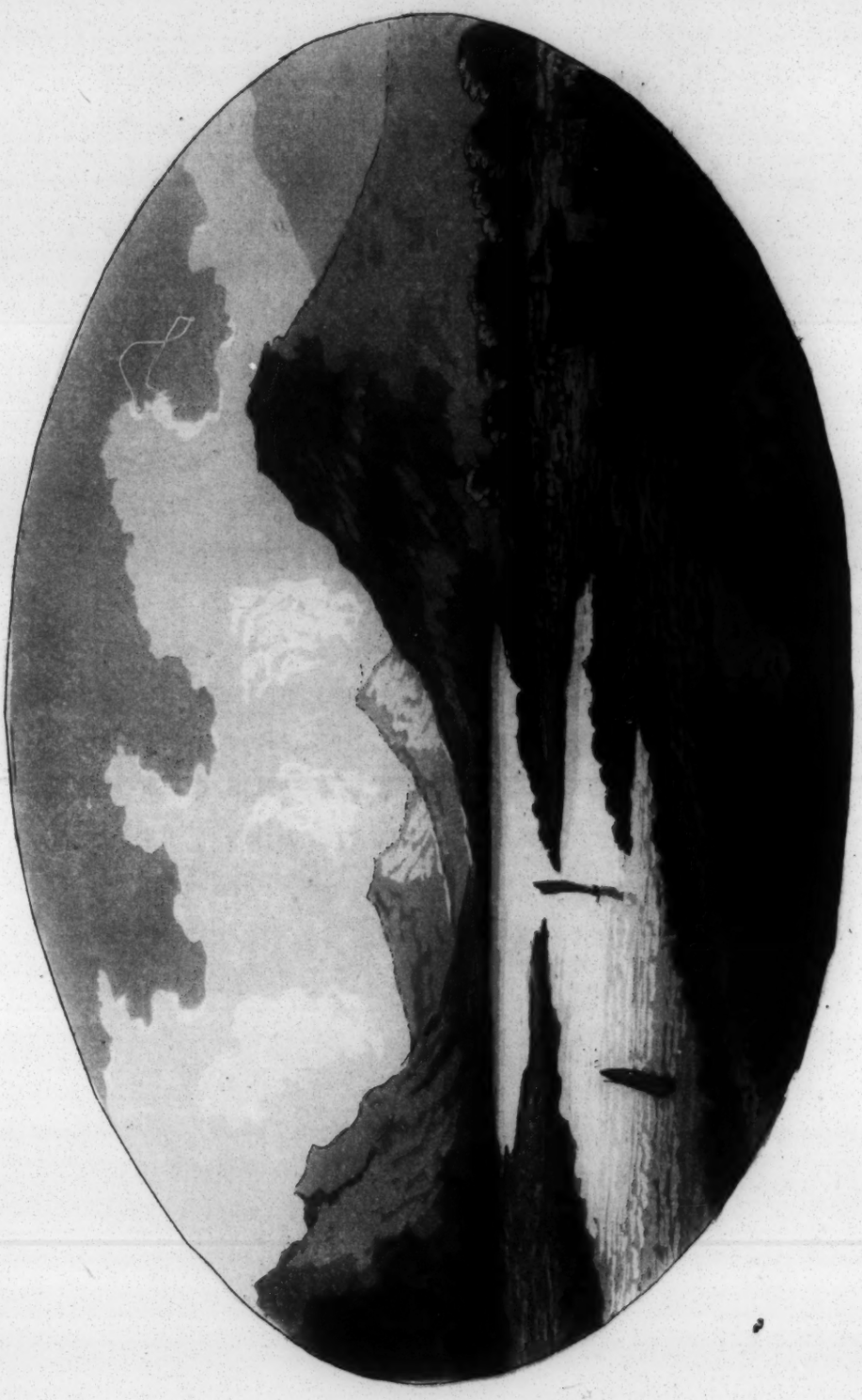


vour to overtake Nature. Imagination preſents to my view an artiſt who has arrived at a ſcene, where, after having uſed his utmoſt efforts, he produces a copy that nearly exceeds the original;—and he thinks himſelf peculiarly happy: but on doubling a ſmall cape or promontory, a freſh ſcene preſents itſelf, that baffles all his ſkill, and damps every expectation of being able to outdo it.—Yet ſtill the mind of man is Nature; and while he purſues nobler objects than he can deſcribe or pourtray, he gives us a faint emblem of Nature attempting to exceed herſelf.

But few novelties are to be ſeen along this joyleſs ſhore.—The ſea forms ſeveral ſmall bays, which rather alleviate the coarſe lines of the cliffs, and raiſe the imagination to expect at every curve ſome brilliant copſe, or towering hill, to eaſe the weariſome lines.

Paſſing the flat point of Newtown haven, we entered Shalfleet lake, where ſplend-

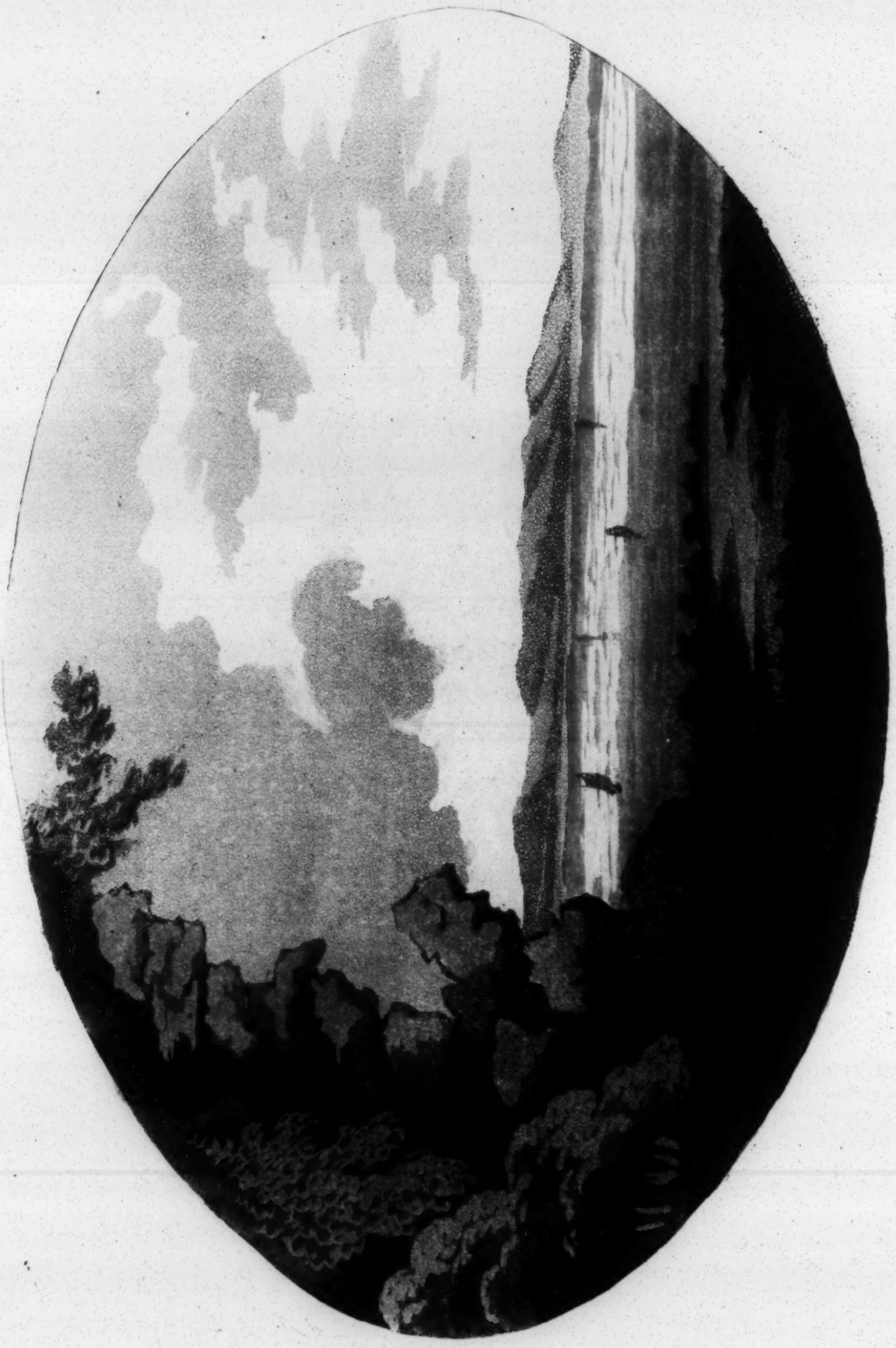
ed hills encircle the unſullied ſerpentine mirror.

From thence we proceeded to Thorneſs bay, the ſhores of which are more picturesque, and are aſſiſted by the principal beauties of landſcape, viz. a profuſion of wood and rock. The coaſt continues edging towards the north, and forms ſeveral receſſes, where frequent rills ruſh down the uncouth cliffs.

Weathering another point, we entered Gurnet bay; the repoſitory, as before obſerved, of the ſtone with which the fortifications of Portſmouth are conſtructed.—We found here two boats loading with the produce of the quarries, which, as likewiſe obſerved, daily attend from that place.

The only part of this bay that afforded an agreeable picture of the land, was from the opening which looks towards the Cariſbrook hills. The valley is extremely fertile and well wooded, and ranges in pleaſing forms, till the mountains cloſe the ſight.

This



This ſcene is peculiarly pictureſque towards the concluſion of the day, when the ſhadows are broad and the colouring chaſte; at other times it appears rather crowded and confuſed;—but when ſeen with a proper colouring, it is equal to any of the rural ſcenes of the iſland.

The time of day, when we view an object in landſcape, and the colouring then on it, prepoſſeſſes us in its favour, or prejudices us againſt it.—Thus what is all beauty in a morning ſun, is obſcurity in the evening.—Therefore if a ſcene which is grand and noble preſents itſelf, I always make a point, when time will admit, to take a view of it both at the dawn and at the cloſe of day; and, from ſuch an attention, ſtronger ideas, I am convinced, may be imbibed even from one ſcene, than from many, partially viewed.

Stretching now for the Brambles, we tacked, and once more paſſed Cowes caſtle; when we entered the harbour, having received the higheſt ſatisfaction from an aquatic

aquatic tour of two days, during which we had encircled the iſland, and taken a view of the different ſcenes it exhibited from the ſea.

We have now finiſhed our account of this pleaſant, fertile, and happy ſpot; and from the obſervations we had an opportunity of making during our ſtay there, we were confirmed in the opinion which had induced us to viſit it,—that for beautiful and picturesque views, ſelect parts of it are ſcarcely exceeded by thoſe on any other of the coaſts.

The pleaſing variety of hill and dale with which it abounds,—the delightful ſituation of the gentlemen's ſeats,—the venerable remains of antiquity,—the rich and extenſive ſea views that every where preſent themſelves,—and, above all, the grand and noble craggy cliffs, which at once ſerve as a natural fortification to the iſland, and exhibit the moſt magnificent and awful ſcenes;—all theſe combined muſt naturally excite the curioſity of every admirer of the ſuperb

works

works of Nature;—and, at the ſame time, they account for the frequent viſits that are made to the iſland.—Indeed I know not where a party engaged on a pleaſurable ſcheme could find their expectations more fully gratified;—to which, I think, I might add, the natural civility and hoſpitality of the inhabitants at large do not a little contribute.

SECTION

SECTION XXVIII.

THE morning ſubſequent to our return from the circumnavigation before deſcribed, we left Cowes, and, after an agreeable paſſage, landed at Southampton. To recite the particulars of our paſſage, as we have already given a deſcription of both the ſhores of Hampton water, will be needleſs. The only novelty that preſented itſelf was Eaglehurſt; which from the water makes rather a confuſed appearance.

Our former obſervations on the road between Southampton and Redbridge, were made at a time when we found nothing very attractive in it;—but now a morning light, glimmering through the loftly poplars which ſurround Woolſon, extended its force to the adjacent hamlet, and juſt tipping the tower of Millſbrook church, ſpread its radiance over the oaken copſe that obſcured the village.

The beach, which at that time, from its being

being ebb tide, afforded a paſſage for carriages, was now covered with a noble ſheet of water, and ſtretched itſelf to the foreground. The oppoſite ſhores of Eling, cloathed in a foreſt mantle, had juſt aſſumed their morning veſture, and reached to the rural vale of Redbridge, where the woody promontories of the weſtern ſide of the river Teſte diſcloſed a luxurious diſplay of diſtant landſcape, and cloſed the view. The light that gave this new appearance to the ſcene was partial;—glancing down the mid channel, it ran to the offskip, where, gradually dwindling to the adjacent hills, it left them in a pleaſing obſcurity.

As we purſued our former track from Southampton to Wootton, the well-known prophecy of the celebrated Nixon was ſuddenly brought to our recollection by a man at one of the turnpike gates putting out a hand, on which were two thumbs, to receive the toll. Our attention was the more attracted by this phœnomenon, as we had juſt before ſeen another man, plying on Southampton quay, with a ſimilar excreſ-

cence on his hand;—and our ſurpriſe was ſtill further excited by being informed that there was a third perſon, living near Andover, who was rendered remarkable by the ſame ſingularity.

That three men, in the ſame county, and two of them reſiding within a few miles of each other, ſhould exhibit ſuch a ſingular proof of the ſportings of Nature, I own, excited our wonder;—but that wonder could be but of ſhort duration in the minds of thoſe who had been witneſs to ſo many of her wanton gambols, and whoſe employment it had been to ſearch out her moſt ſecret haunts, and to trace her moſt eccentric deviations.

The firſt ſpace we entered on the New Foreſt, in the road to Stony Croſs, was a circular lawn, ſurrounded with oaks.—This continued for near two miles, when we penetrated into the very heart of this extenſive tract.

The high roads through the foreſt are ſuperior

ſuperior to moſt in England.—At every ſeaſon of the year they are remarkably dry; and though the ſod on both ſides, even in the middle of ſummer, is ſwampy, the roads themſelves, which are chiefly compoſed of gravel, are at all times eaſy and pleaſant to travel on.

We paſſed ſeveral ſpots of immured grandeur, and had conſtant proofs of their utility in point of fore-grounds. At every turn a bold woody promontory aſſiſted as a ſide ſcreen, and fell in with thoſe gradual unperceived ſoftneſſes of eaſy ſloping lines, which heightened in ſome degree the view.

Several ſmall receſſes and breaks in the foreſt appeared to lead up to ſome extenſive manſion, and frequently allured us to enjoy their ſolitary pleaſures;—but we met with no houſe in any of theſe avenues till we reached the five-mile ſtone, where we found the hoſpitable manſion of Mr. Gilbert.

We had not ſufficient time to inſpect this gentleman's houſe, but we heard the worthineſs of its owner ſpoken of wherever we ſtopped. We were alſo informed that he generally paſſes the month of April at Lindhurſt, where his hounds are joined by thoſe of Mr. Groves, from Wiltſhire.

During this time, many of the moſt reſpectable of the neighbouring gentlemen, who ſubſcribe to the ſupport of the united packs, reſort to Lindhurſt, to enjoy the diverſion of hunting.—Among them we frequently heard the name of the honourable Mr. Fane mentioned, and always with ſome epithet annexed to it conveying praiſe.

While the hounds are here, preparations are generally made for the accommodation of fifty gentlemen, and a dinner is daily provided for them; to announce which the inn bell is rung exactly at four o'clock.—The inhabitants of the town reap no little advantage from theſe meetings; nor are they backward in expreſſing their grateful acknow-

acknowledgements for the benefit they receive.

Leaving Mr. Gilbert's houſe on the left hand, we proceeded through a continual range of cover till we arrived at the ſummit of Stony-Croſs hill.—In our prior route through the eaſtern part of the foreſt, we had frequently ſeen this hill;—it had always bounded our diſtance; and though of no very conſiderable height, has, in our opinion, the ſuperiority over moſt of the hills in the foreſt.

Near the bottom of the hill, on the left hand, ſtands a pedeſtal, erected by the late lord Delawar, in commemoration of the fatal cataſtrophe that befel William Rufus.—It conſiſts of a plain ſtone, of a triangular form, with a ſmall round ball on the top, and has the following inſcriptions on its ſides.

On the firſt ſide.

I.

" Here ſtood the oak tree, on which an arrow, ſhot by Sir Walter Tyrrell at a ſtag, glanced, and ſtruck king William

liam the Second, ſirnamed Rufus, in the breaſt, of which he inſtantly died, on the ſecond day of Auguſt, anno 1100."

On the ſecond ſide.

II.

" King William the Second, ſirnamed Rufus, being ſlain, as is before related, was laid in a cart belonging to one Purkis, and drawn from hence to Wincheſter, and buried in the cathedral church of that city."

On the third ſide.

III.

Anno 1745.

" That where an event ſo memorable had happened might not be hereafter unknown, this ſtone was ſet up by John lord Delawar, who has ſeen the tree growing in this place."

Underneath.

" This ſtone was repaired by John Richard earl Delawar, anno 1789."

Beneath the inſcription on the firſt ſide has lately been placed the following memorandum:

" This ſpot was viſited by king George the Third and queen Charlotte, on the 27th of June, MDCCLXXXIX."

Our

Our expectations were not a little diſappointed on taking a view of this memorable ſpot.—We expected to have found a more elegant record of this ſingular hiſtorical event than the ſtone before us; which is not more than ſix feet high, without any avenue leading to it, and placed in the middle of a ſwampy piece of ground.—The pedeſtal is ſo immured in the receſs of a wood that it is ſcarcely ſeen till you arrive within a few paces of it.

To the left of Stony Croſs lay a deep twining dell of ſome extent, which glided very ſoftly to the banks of the Solent, where the Iſle of Wight, half obſcured by a miſt, bounded the diſtance.

The body of water that interpoſed between this part of Hampſhire and the Iſle of Wight, appeared from Stony Croſs but as a ſmall rivulet; the diſtance being ſo conſiderable as to deprive it of its extent, and with that of its grandeur.

The vale juſt mentioned, at the time we paſſed

paſſed it, was heavily coloured, and appeared rather as the reſidence of a neſt of outlaws or robbers than a ſhelter for foxes, as it really is.—It was well wooded, and had many hills, pleaſingly lined, in its compoſition; all which terminated in a point at once pictureſque and grand.

Paſſing Stony Croſs, we deſcended ſeveral ſteep hills, that led us to the manſion of lord Delawar.—This houſe, from its ſituation, commands extenſive views; but, at the ſame time, is in itſelf quite cheerleſs. A plain deſert heath encounters the ſight for many miles, without a ſufficient accompaniment of thoſe noble woody natives of the foreſt with which almoſt every other part we had viewed ſeemed to abound, to give it a cheerfulneſs.

At the back of this ſeat the range of wood which we had left at Stony Croſs takes a curve, and runs along a promontory to Lindhurſt.—It affords great diverſity in the back-grounds, and is continually preſenting ſome delightful ſpot of Nature.—

Nature.—Sometimes, abruptly breaking the regular line, it extends picturesquely to a well-watered valley, which the imagination frequently supposes to be a lake formed by Nature; but, on the contrary, we seldom found any of these broad sheets of water deeper that the fetlocks of our horses; and they seemed to be rather the effects of rain than of springs.

Sudden breaks continue to the left for a very considerable distance, but still presenting the woody range. On our right hand a cover broke suddenly from an adjacent hill, and ran down to the banks of the Avon, where the limits of the New Forest broke up, and formed a bed for the river.

Proceeding onward, we arrived at Picked Post, where we formed the resolution of crossing to Lymington, and from thence to skirt the western boundaries of the forest along the banks of the Avon.

From the spot we were now on, the Dorsetshire hills assumed rather a singular

than a pleaſing appearance.—Sometimes they ran parallel for many miles; their forms then were diſguſting;—at other times they aſſumed more of a mountainous aſpect;—and frequently broke abruptly, but ſtill unpleaſing.

There is no general rule by which a judgment is to be formed of the true ſituation of hills at a diſtance.—In ſome points the ſame hill that may have diſguſted at firſt ſight, poſſeſſes a thouſand charms when ſeen in other points of view.

Theſe hills in particular aſſume a ridgy formal appearance, when viewed from the New Foreſt; but from lower grounds they blend finely in, and are very pictureſque, affording eaſy and flowing lines.

We declined going to Ringwood, though it lay nearly in our way, as we intended taking it when tracking the Avon.

Having refreſhed ourſelves and our horſes, we proceeded to the village of Burleigh, near which

which, as already obſerved, ſtands a manſion of the ſame name; and croſſing to the right of the village, entered the heart of the foreſt.

In this manner we went on for a ſhort time, till at length we found that the path we had purſued came to a termination;—we were then obliged to ſeek out another, and make our way as well as we were able.

The rain having fallen conſtantly and heavily for ſeveral days before, it had left tracks in many places near two feet in depth.—But this was not the worſt part of our ſituation;—the ſoil being principally clay, our horſes were frequently mired, and we were ſcarcely able to proceed.—And thus did we travel ſeven miles, every ſtep of which was attended with extreme difficulty and fatigue.

About two miles from Burleigh we entered a warren on the foreſt, the incloſure of which we had been directed to follow, as far as the rails extended towards the eaſt;

but theſe rails ſuddenly taking another direction, we were deprived of any further guidance from them; and had not the downs of Freſhwater, in the Iſle of Wight, proved a cynoſure to us, and convinced us that we were directing our courſe to the right point, we might have remained in the foreſt all the night.

I would therefore recommend it to thoſe who are unuſed to travel through this intricate and extenſive foreſt, to take the Lindhurſt road from Burleigh, in their way to Lymington, which is both good and pleaſant. Our reaſon for not following the advice we give was, that as we had before enjoyed all the pleaſures that road could beſtow, and now wiſhed to view more of the internal parts of the foreſt, we purſued the wretched courſe juſt deſcribed.

The warren we paſſed through is well ſtocked with rabbits, and appears to be a ſpot properly adapted to the purpoſe of breeding thoſe animals; for as few people,

ple, I believe, ever paſs this way, they are but little diſturbed, and but ſeldom deſtroyed.—And as it is ſituated at a conſiderable diſtance from any cultivated land, the farmers' grounds are not expoſed to the depredations of its marauding inhabitants.

The badneſs of the road was however fully compenſated by continual burſts of woody ſcenery, which were ſuperb in the extreme; the oaks here being large and noble, with a profuſion of verdure on them.

Here I muſt ſtop to remark, that theſe ancient tenants of the foreſt are ſaid to be expoſed to the attacks of private plunderers, who contribute more towards their decreaſe than the annual demands of the navy.

We were informed by ſome peaſants, not unacquainted with the ſecret mode of procedure, that many perſons have for a long time made a practice of depopulating this ſpot, as well as many other parts about Ironſhill and Beaulieu, of the trees that grow on them.

To

To effect this purpoſe they are obliged to purchaſe the ſecreſy of thoſe whom they employ ; but the emoluments ariſing from theſe depredations are more than adequate to every demand of that nature.—It is even ſaid that fortunes have been amaſſed by them ; and I am well aſſured that if more attention be not paid by thoſe in whoſe department it lies, to the ſecurity of the king's foreſts, the effects of theſe plunders will, ere long, be ſeverely felt. As we went on, we continually met timber carriages, loaded with ſome of the fineſt trees, which we had reaſon to believe were not conveying to the royal yards.

Proceeding on, for a conſiderable way, through a continued grove, we arrived at a hand poſt, from which we expected to receive that information a hand poſt uſually conveys to travellers; but, to our diſappointment, we found it diveſted of all its powers for that purpoſe.

As we entered the opening in which it ſtood, we had a delightful view before us.—

A well-

A well-grouped clump of trees formed the fore-ground, while the woody ſcreens of Lindhurſt verged to an expanded vale; the diſtant uplands of Fawley intercepting the view of the ſea.

On our right hand the foreſt was no leſs gayly clad, with a hamlet here and there enlivening the ſcene. The diſtant hills ranged towards Hurſt caſtle, where a glimmering ſight of the water ſtole between the Needles and Lymington.

It was a view rather adapted to the pencil, than to pleaſe every ſpectator.—The maſſes were grand, with fine ſweeps;—the diſtances ſoft, and well coloured by the declining ſun;—the Iſle of Wight was near, and roſe with majeſty;—its cliffs were ſweetly tinted by the all-cheering orb;—and their chalky ſides appeared as if on fire;—while the moſs and ſhrubs that thrived thereon contributed their ſhare to render them beautiful in the extreme.—Nor did its other promontories ſhow to leſs advantage.—The ochres and predominant red earths

earths were ſoft, and blended in harmonious confuſion with each other.

Still continuing our way over this uncouth and inceſſant ſod, we came to another hand poſt, which, like the former, was no longer of any uſe;—it had two points to it, but the inſcriptions, that had once directed the doubtful traveller, were now obliterated. In fine weather this road muſt be inviting; but when the humid atmoſphere pours down its moiſtening drops, all the views it exhibits ſcarcely repay the diſagreeableneſs that attends paſſing it.

Croſſing another glowing copſe, we entered a bleak furzy heath, enriched with fern and briars.—In a diſtance, a mountain's ſide covered with theſe, juſt as they begin to turn and verge towards a bright ochre, are delicate colouring.—A hill thus coated on one part, and on another with oaks and aſhes, at a diſtance, with a full glow of the ſun, about the cloſe of day, I have particularly remarked to be ſuperior to any other in woody diſtances; and it affords

affords every liberty in colouring.—Its foliage is more luxuriant to the ſight, and more fully gratifies the imagination.

After a tedious ride from Burleigh, we arrived at Pitner's Pond, the termination of the foreſt towards Lymington. I believe the lane in which this place is ſituated is chiefly frequented by ſmugglers, who, notwithſtanding all the exertions of government, ſtill continue their illegal practices, with ſucceſs, in the foreſt.

Indeed I know not a place where they could carry them on with greater ſecurity, there being an incredible number of avenues through the woods, many of which are ſeldom or ever frequented; and when they are, only by ſportſmen.

Turning to the left, we once more arrived at Lymington; from which place we ſoon after ſet out on our route along the lower hills of the New Foreſt.

SECTION XXIX.

FOR a few miles we paſſed nothing but hedge rows; the Needles frequently preſenting themſelves on our left; while on the other ſide a woody ſcreen was the principal boundary, with ſcarcely any variation.

Paſſing Millford, we proceeded down the neck of land on which Hurſt caſtle ſtands.—For a tract of at leaſt a mile this point is compoſed chiefly of ſand, without the leaſt appearance of its ever having been more elevated above high-water mark than it is at preſent.

This caſtle, as before obſerved, was built by king Henry the Eighth, for a defence of the paſſage between the coaſt of Hampſhire and the Needles. — There is a garriſon uſually kept in it; but it is now of no great conſideration.—The moſt remarkable circumſtance relative to it is, that king Charles the Firſt, upon being removed from

from Cariſbrook caſtle, was confined in it till he was carried up to London by general Harriſon, where, not long after, he was beheaded.

Returning again to the road, we purſued our intended track from Lymington to Chriſtchurch.—Several rural ſcenes border on the road.—We could not help particularly noticing one, which lay about four miles from the firſt-mentioned place.

Near the five-mile ſtone ſtands, as we were informed, the ſeat of Mr. Lebrock.—Being on an elevated ground, it has a very extenſive view of weſt end of the Iſle of Wight, and alſo of the country that lies around it.—The houſe is built of brick, of a quadrangular form, and, as to its outſide appearance, is quite plain.—The covers that ſurround it are very beautiful, and fall gradually and gracefully into each other.—For a fine air and a healthy ſituation, this manſion is certainly equal to any we had ſeen.

The road takes a turn round the foot of

Mr. Lebrock's grounds, and leads on till you arrive in ſight of the ſeat of the earl of Bute; which viewed from hence, has very much the appearance of a caſtle of conſiderable ſtrength.

A little beyond this, a ſmall ſtream, croſſes the road, and forms a caſcade;—the fall is evidently the work of art; however, when viewed from the bottom of its courſe, though ſmall, it has a pleaſing effect.

A gloomineſs having begun to gather in the horizon, the apprehenſion of a ſtorm haſtened our ſpeed.

We had now a complete proſpect of the Dorſetſhire hills; but their ridgy track could not give pleaſure. The downs that formed the bed of Chriſtchurch river had a ſullen and gloomy appearance, without a ſingle ſhrub, or the leaſt verdure, to ſoften their harſhneſs.

Before the ſtorm that was brooding all around us vented its humid contents, we reached

reached the manſion of the earl of Bute. Knowing the taſte and judgment of this nobleman in all the polite and uſeful arts, we had indulged ourſelves with the pleaſing expectation of viewing his celebrated collection of pictures.—This expectation however, as often happens in affairs of greater moment, was not to be gratified;—a ſickneſs that prevailed in the family, and an apparent confuſion among the domeſtics, obliged us to depart without being able to preſent a deſcription of the houſe to our readers.

I had the pleaſure of ſeeing ſeveral of the pieces that grace his lordſhip's rooms on the eaſel.—Among theſe were ſome by Mr. Ibbetſon; the ſubject, ſmugglers; which have ſufficiently eſtabliſhed the name of that artiſt in the opinion of all thoſe who have ſeen them.—The beauty of the colouring, the correctneſs of the drawing, and the excellence of the compoſition, render them inferior to no modern productions.

As we were deprived, from the beforementioned circumſtances, of viewing this exquiſite

exquiſite collection, ſo we likewiſe were of ſeeing any part of the inſide of the houſe.

Its back front (for the other front being incloſed, we can give no account of it,) is what is generally termed ſuperb;—to us however it appeared a confuſion of building, without elegance.—And was I called upon to give my ſentiments of it, I ſhould ſay, that I think the neat little manſion oppoſite to it, belonging to Sir William Fordyce, far ſuperior in every reſpect.

Leaving Lord Bute's ſeat, we continued the road to Chriſtchurch, where the flowing Avon had ſpread its current over the adjacent meadows, and babbled acroſs the road.

About a mile before we entered the town of Chriſtchurch, we had ocular demonſtration of the ſwells this river is ſubject to; which had been occaſioned by the exceſſive rains that had fallen during the latter part of our tour.

Nor

Nor was this the only ſpot we viewed to the ſame diſadvantage.—Yet ſtill, through this gloomy robe, we could plainly perceive that the neighbourhood of Chriſtchurch poſſeſſes many pictureſque attractions. The valley down which the Avon meanders, was clad in the livelieſt vernal tints, and exhibited a thouſand objects that enchant the eye.

Judging of Chriſtchurch from the account which we had received from ſome gentlemen who had taken a view of it before we did, we intended to have paſſed it in ſilence, and almoſt without beſtowing a glance upon it; but when we approached the town, we found ourſelves agreeably diſappointed.

It has not indeed to boaſt of neatly-paved ſtreets, or elegant manſions; it however is poſſeſſed of what pleaſes far beyond theſe, namely, an engaging combination of ſcenes. Even at its entrance this is viſible; but at the bridge the view is truly intereſting. The Needles and the Iſle of Wight are a continual

continual back-ground to it, with a fine ſpace of the ſea intervening, where a variety of ſubjects might be introduced.

This town was anciently called Twinambourne, from its being ſituated at the conflux of the Avon and the Stour, which fall a little below it into the bay of Chriſtchurch. It received its preſent name from the dedication of its church to Chriſt.

Here was anciently a priory of ſecular canons, which, ſo early as the reign of king Edward the Confeſſor, conſiſted of a dean and twenty-four holy brothers.—Their college was rebuilt after the conqueſt by Ranulph Lambard, biſhop of Durham, who was ſome time the dean; and its revenues were conſiderably augmented during the reign of king Henry the Firſt, by Richard de Redvers, earl of Devonſhire; whoſe ſon, Earl Baldwin, about the year 1150, by an application to the pope, procured that the ſecular ſhould be changed into regular canons of the order of St. Auguſtine. At its ſuppreſſion the annual re-

venues

venues of this priory were valued at three hundred and twelve pounds ſeven ſhillings.

The collegiate church, which is now the pariſh church, is a rich antique building, and conſiſts both of Saxon and Gothic architecture. — The form of it is ſingular, and, in its external appearance, has perhaps a greater variety of parts than moſt others.

Its tower is not high, but well conſtructed, and the architecture of it principally Gothic.

The corner of the tranſept, on the outſide, has a variety of carved embelliſhments, chiefly of Saxon workmanſhip. From hence, towards the eaſt, it aſſumes many forms, and terminates at the eaſt window in a jumble of architecture.

The inſide has undergone many worſe than Cromwellian depredations, from the improvements that have been made from time to time in it.—But theſe being inſuf-

ficient to convince the world of a want of taſte and knowledge in their predeceſſors, the preſent corporation have permitted a piece of noble Gothic architecture to be taken down, in order to make room for the erection of new ſeats for the accommodation of gentlemens' families.

During our inſpection of this fabric, we perceived a carpenter chiſſeling away a delightful piece of the arms of the Saliſbury family, to make way for a nail he was driving.—Vexed at ſuch a want of reſpect, not only to the family, but for the valuable remains of ancient ſculpture, I could not help remonſtrating with the ſtupid animal on the impropriety of his conduct; but the only anſwer I received was a nod, and the additional vexation of ſeeing the deſtructive inſtrument immediately applied to the neck of a lion, which conſtituted one of the ſupporters, and with a ſtroke off went his head.

Thoſe who are as fond of ſeeing antiquity as I am, will be able to form ſome idea of what I felt

I felt upon the occaſion.—However, as I found this was not a time to give vent to my chagrin, I civilly begged the precious fragment; and while I preſerve it in commemoration of the wiſe directors of the purpoſed alterations, I often contemplate it as a ſacrifice to ſtupidity.

On the right-hand ſide of the choir, as we advanced towards the altar, we perceived many nearly obliterated veſtiges of its ancient beauty.—Among them was the receſs in which the prieſts uſed to hear the confeſſions of their penitential devotees.

At the top of the ſouth aile was formerly a ſmall chapel, which is now converted into a vault, wherein many of Mr. Hinkſman's family lie interred. We likewiſe obſerved in this vault, beautiful relicts of the arms of ſeveral noble families; but they were too much obliterated to be made out. There are ſtill remaining in it a few ſmall figures in niches, and one principal one on its ſide.

Near the eaſt window is the chapel of the

Virgin, where once ſtood a conſiderable number of effigies, incloſed in gothic arches; but all thoſe within the reach of Cromwell's deſpoilers have been pulled down, and the architecture likewiſe broken.

On each ſide of this chapel are the remains of a tomb; one of which appears to have been rebuilt with ſtone brought from the Iſle of Wight; and a few fragments of the other ſtill indicate what it formerly was.

On the left-hand as you advance towards the eaſt window, there was anciently a door, which is now blocked up.

Oppoſite to this chapel, and at the back of the altar, is affixed a large monument, to the memory of Charles Brander, Eſq. who was a liberal ſupporter of this borough.—The only objection to be made to this monument is, that a very conſiderable quantity of fine workmanſhip has undergone the mallet to make room for it.

At the top of the north aile is another chapel

chapel of the ſame nature as that in which Mr. Hinkſman's family lie interred; but ſtill more mutilated than that. In every niche the figures are deſtroyed, and all its beauties lie a wreck to Oliverian licentiouſneſs.

As we deſcended this aile, a number of ancient tombs preſented themſelves, but without date or inſcription.—Three hammers, as a creſt, appeared on one of them, unattended by any other memento.

On the left-hand of this aile we aſcended a flight of ſteps, which led us into a chapel, built by one of the counteſſes of Saliſbury. The ſtone of which it is conſtructed is perfectly freſh, and appears unaltered in any ſhape by time. The workmanſhip, which is in imitation of the Gothic, is light and airy, with a conſiderable degree of taſte.

This part, however, has not been left without a token of the viſitation of the ſpoilers before referred to; for on the top of the chapel, where the arms of the Saliſbury

bury and two other families appear to have been, their uſual delapidations are viſible.

Continuing ſtill lower, on the left-hand towards the door, is a tomb, on which lies the figures of a man and woman, the former clad in armour, the latter in the dreſs of the reign of Henry the Seventh.—The image of the man is ſix feet ſeven inches in length; that of the woman rather leſs than ſix feet.

Our guide aſſured us that theſe two figures were ſuppoſed by the people of the town to repreſent Cerdic, king of the Weſt Saxons, and his queen; but as this cathedral, though originally a Saxon ſtructure, was certainly not erected in the time of that prince, and the armour, &c. are of a ſubſequent æra, we could not coincide with them in their opinion. The effigies being much defaced, not the leaſt trace of letters or figures are to be found by which the date might be aſcertained.

As we entered the choir, the ſeats for the college youths, and thoſe for the church eſtabliſhment,

eſtabliſhiment, ſuch as are to be found in all cathedrals, attracted our notice; many of them being curiouſly carved with whimſical figures.

Proceeding on a marble pavement, we advanced to the altar, where a ludicrous diſplay of characters, ill adapted to the ſacred ſpot, appeared over the communion table. Among them a group, I ſuppoſe intended to repreſent the Trinity, excited our riſible faculties. There were likewiſe ſome other characters equally ridiculous, formed after the conception of thoſe times, when the bigotted ideas of the monk directed the deſigns of the artiſt.

Returning to the weſt door, we obſerved, on a ſmall deſk, Fox's "Book of Martyrs;" and underneath it a cheſt, in which were a variety of other old books upon religious and eccleſiaſtical ſubjects.

The building on the inſide is lofty, and ſeems to be unſhaken by Time. We could not caſt our eyes around this venerable pile without

without calling to remembrance Milton's enchanting deſcription of the inſide of a cathedral:

——— The high embowed roof,
With antique pillars maſſy proof,
And ſtoried windows richly dight,
Caſting a dim religious light.

Near the bridge are the remains of an old caſtle, the relicks of which barely ſerve to convince us that it once poſſeſſed ſome ſtrength.

Chriſtchurch is a large populous place, in which a conſiderable manufacture is carried on of ſilk ſtockings and gloves. Its corporation conſiſts of a mayor, a recorder, aldermen, bailiffs, and a common council; and it ſends two members to parliament, who are elected by a majority of burgeſſes within and without the borough.

SECTION

SECTION XXX.

HAVING paſſed the night here, we roſe with pleaſure as ſoon as the day broke, intending to breakfaſt at Ringwood, and take advantage of a morning that beamed gladneſs to every eye. The atmoſphere was ſerene, and brilliant; not a ſingle cloud floated in it to intercept the innumerable beauties that decked the vale of Avon. The current of that river gently glided on, nor ſent forth a murmur but what was harmonious; while tranſient glows played upon its ſurface, and diffuſed around a thouſand attractive charms.

The oppoſite hills of Dorſetſhire ranged cloſe to the water's edge, and though low, roſe with beauty. I here term that beauty, which ſeen at another time, would, I am well convinced, be but a poor object, from its want of colouring and ſubject.—But at this criſis, while the beams of the great luminary, riſing from his watery couch, threw over the fractured mountain's brow a variety

of tints, both in chaſte keeping, and harmony of colours; we were preſented with one of thoſe ſcenes, which a ſudden view of, nearly bereaves us, for the inſtant, of every other faculty;—a ſcene, that while we pauſe upon it, enlivens every idea, and vibrates through the whole frame,

"In wilder'd rapture loſt, and roving thought."

Of ſuch a nature were my feelings, on beholding the variegated beauties of the vale of Avon; to give a deſcription of them adequate to thoſe ſenſations is not in the power of my pen.

Could I ſo far diveſt myſelf of my preſent religious ſentiments as to ſeek out for another object of worſhip, certainly no created divinity would ſo ſoon attract my devotion as that wonderful luminary which lights up the morning, and excites with his firſt beams ſuch delightful ſenſations in the human breaſt.

How beautiful are the effects of a ſun-riſe, deſcribed by Langhorne in his "Hymn to the

the riſing Sun;" which he makes a part of the morning devotions of Solyman, and in which he ſtiles the great fountain of light and life, " *The Golden God.*" So finely has that pathetic writer conceived, and ſo deeply does he appear to adore the breaking morn, that one could almoſt believe him to be a real inhabitant of Irwan's vale.—Being moſt applicable to the ſubject I am upon, I ſhall tranſcribe from it the two following ſtanzas:

" From the red wave riſing bright,
" Lift on high thy golden head;
" O'er the miſty mountain, ſpread
" Thy ſmiling rays of orient light!

" O haſte, and ſpread the purple day
" O'er all the wide etherial ray.
" Nature mourns at thy delay:
" God of glory haſte away!"

LANGHORNE'S SOLYMAN AND ALMENA

A few years ago ſome lines were addreſſed to the public, after viewing Mr. Gainſborough's gallery, by an unknown hand, who, enraptured with the productions of the greateſt artiſt, that for an exact conformity to Engliſh nature, this kingdom

ever could boaſt, expreſſes the exquiſite ſatisfaction he felt, in an elegant little poem, which, if I recollect right, for I ſpeak from memory, commences with the following ſtanzas:

" Whoe'er the glowing impulſe knows,
" By GENIUS only given,
" Will feel the pleaſures it beſtows,
" The firſt on this ſide heaven;

" Thus bleſt with talents to adorn,
" With thee, the town we leave,
" To watch the dewy break of morn,
" Or crimſon bluſh of eve."

Such was the pleaſure we received from this morning's ride, which, for a continuance of beautiful ſcenes, equalled any we had enjoyed during our route; it poſſeſſing a combination of all that the warmeſt lover of the picturesque could wiſh for.

The right-hand hills ſeparated us from the weſtern extremity of the foreſt, and varied but very little in their appearance till we arrived near Ringwood. The oppoſite ledge or ridge of Dorſetſhire hills had rather

rather a barren look; there was, however, ſome beauty in the diſpoſition of them.

The Avon, which meandered between us and the laſt named promontories, charmed us by its variety and ſerpentine forms.—Not unfrequently it preſented a lake ſcene. Then the reflections on its lucid boſom were beautiful;—while its tranſparency and brilliancy greatly tended to enliven each curve.

The Avon is one of thoſe rivers whoſe ſtream is always pleaſing.—Even a continuance of heavy rain cannot rob it of its tranſparency.—However diſturbed it might be, it clears itſelf again in a few hours. Addiſon's beautiful ſimile of the perturbed ſtream becoming again limpid, is ſo very applicable to this river, that to introduce it here may lead the reader to an idea of its beauty.

" Thus the pure limpid ſtream, when foul with ſtains
" Of ruſhing torrents, and deſcending rains,
" Works itſelf clear; and as it runs refines;
" 'Till, by degrees, the floating mirror ſhines,
" Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
" And a new heaven in its fair boſom ſhows.

ADDISON's CATO.

Water

Water that is freſh has by no means either the diverſity, or the beauty of tints, which the ſea produces.—The latter are peculiarly conſpicuous on a very ſtormy day; when ſudden rays ſhoot from the ſun.—At thoſe inſtants, a beautiful light green is partially preſented.—From the minute obſervations I have frequently made during ſuch ſtorms, I have always had the pleaſure of ſeeing theſe tranſitions.

Nothing can give a landſcape greater beauty than the variety before deſcribed.—The pencil of Barret was peculiarly happy in it.—And in general we find him partial to lake ſcenes; which he executed in the higheſt ſtile. A picture of his of Dolbadon Caſtle, on Llanberris Lake in North Wales, was the completeſt attempt of the kind I ever beheld.—Scarcely two waves were of the ſame hue; and yet all ſo finely harmonized that the piece appeared to be a ſcene of real Nature.

We met with little more than the vale juſt ſpoken of to gratify the ſight, till we arrived near Ringwood; where the right-

hand

hand ſcenes introduced thoſe parts of the foreſt we had traverſed two days before.—It appeared from this point of view rather barren in the offskip; but, as it uſually does, loſt itſelf in woody ſcreens.

The entrance to Ringwood from this road is rather its meaneſt part.—It is without diverſity.—On the oppoſite ſhore a plantation of pines ſkirted the river, and terminated at the bridge.

Ringwood, though ſmall, is one of the principal towns near this part of the New Foreſt; to which may be added, that it is likewiſe the principal poſt town on the road leading from London and Southampton into Dorſetſhire. Some few manufactures, of no great note, are carried on here; but what this place is chiefly famed for is its beer, which both for its ſtrength and flavour is deſervedly celebrated, not only throughout England, but in many foreign countries.

It is undoubtedly a place of great antiquity;

quity; and is thought by ſome to be the Roman ſtation mentioned in Antoninus by the name of *Regnum*. This however is controverted by others, who place Regnum at Chicheſter.

A circumſtance which is recorded among the hiſtorical events of the laſt century adds ſomething to the celebrity of this town. The unfortunate duke of Monmouth, after his defeat at the battle of Sedgemore, in the year 1685, having found means to elude his purſuers, eſcaped to the neighbourhood of Ringwood, where he was at length diſcovered in the ditch of a pea-field, covered with fern. In his pocket were ſome green peaſe, on which vegetable he is ſaid to have ſubſiſted for two days. Being taken priſoner, he was confined in this town till he was removed to London, where he ſoon after was beheaded.

Leaving Ringwood we entered the vale of Avon, which now began to expand, and to enlarge its beauties.—Its breadth here was conſiderably greater than in the parts we had

had paſſed before;—with a landſcape more rural than romantic.

It ſtill, however, preſerved its beauties, and afforded continual proof of its unbounded variety.—Its veſt conſiſted of an uninterrupted gay ſurface, with fine winding curves of the river, which were broad and tranſparent.

The oppoſite ſhores are well wooded; an appearance that tended to promote the attractions of the Avon.—Several hamlets, at ſhort diſtances, break from the wood, with here and there the tower of a village church.

About three miles beyond Ringwood, the road opened to a noble expanſe of water, where the fore-grounds were well adapted to the ſcenes.—The Avon at this ſpot received many additional beauties from its ſituation.—The ſhores on both ſides were well wooded;—and the hills ranged rather in pleaſing than picturesque lines.

Our route this day along the verge of the

river, was delightful as to the views, and agreeable in every other reſpect. — The greateſt abatement to our ſatisfaction was the not having the charms of the New Foreſt conſtantly within ſight, on our right-hand, which would have added grandeur to the ſcene. The hills, however, which ranged on that ſide were alternately wooded; but ſometimes they appeared barren, and conſequently not altogether grateful to the ſight.

The whole of the road in point of views, preſerved a near reſemblance to what we had paſſed immediately after we had left Ringwood; and continued the ſame till we arrived at Fordingbridge, a town ſituated about ſix miles from that place.

From the appearance of Fordingbridge, when viewed at the diſtance of a mile, a traveller would be led to ſuppoſe it a place of much greater conſideration than on a nearer approach he finds it to be.—At that diſtance the church itſelf conveys an idea of more grandeur than it really poſſeſſes.

However,

However, if the town of Fordingbridge is neither great nor grand, the outſkirts of it are faſcinating to a degree.—A variety of alluring pictureſque ſcenes form a continual landſcape. The combination of fore-grounds about the town, and in the adjacent valley, afford intereſting and ſatisfactory ſubjects for the pencil.

Some years ago, conſiderable manufactures of check, bed-ticks, &c. were carried on in this place; but through the exorbitant wages required by the workmen, they have fallen into decay. The buſineſs of calico printing was likewiſe eſtabliſhed here, and carried on for ſome time with ſucceſs; but upon the ſame account, has been put a ſtop to. — The former branches have indeed, within theſe few years ſomewhat revived, but not to that extent they were once carried on.

SECTION XXXI.

INTENDING to reach Saliſbury that night, and in our way to purſue the courſe of the Avon, we departed from Fordingbridge in the afternoon, and made for Dunckton, or, as the country people call it, Downton.

On the right hand, as we left Fordingbridge, a group of coppices, called the hanging woods, ranged all along the eaſtern ſhores of the river to Bunckley. This manſion appears to have been of ſome ſtanding, and is the principal gentleman's ſeat near the road. The grounds round it are extenſive, but not of ſuch a kind as to prove very pleaſing to the ſight. We did not ride up to the houſe; but from the account we received of it at Fordingbridge, we ſhould not probably have found, after thoſe we had already ſeen, any thing in the internal part that would have repaid our loſs of time.

From

From hence we paſſed on, without perceiving any material alteration in the ſcene, till we arrived near Brimmer, the ſeat of Sir Edward Hulſe. The appearance of this houſe from the road is not ſuch as to attract any particular attention.—Standing on a lawn that gradually aſcends, without any ſhrubberies directly at its back, it looks cold and naked. As to the building itſelf, it ſeemed to be ancient, but at the ſame time devoid of any leading principle, either of beauty or airineſs.—The gable ends in particular are diſguſtful to the ſight.

Continuing the road, we rode on without being gratified with a ſingle glance of real beauty.—A cold chill meadow, with a number of regular channels cut through its ſurface, for the purpoſe of retaining water to be applied to the uſes of bleaching, was continually catching the ſight; nor did we find any variation in the ſcene till we arrived near Downton;—there the woody uplands of the foreſt once more cheered us, and conſtituted the leading feature of the landſcape.

Dunckton

Dunckton, or Downton, is a long ſtraggling country town, rather pleaſing to look at ; but we could not obſerve any trait in or about it that deſerved commemoration.

The road from hence was continually hemmed in between hedge rows, till we arrived near Longford caſtle, the ſeat of the earl of Radnor. The grounds belonging to this manſion are ſpacious, and combined with great taſte. Thoſe parts of the park which lie adjacent to the road are well planted, and form many noble receſſes.

On an elevated ſpot, about half a mile from the caſtle, towards Saliſbury plain, a moſt complete and delightful view of it is to be had.—From this point of view it ſeems to burſt from a wood, which relieves it with amazing eaſe, and gives a perfect idea of what Nature can do towards beautifying her deſigns.

Fleeting ſhadows ſlid over the ſurrounding covers, and left the principal light on the principal object, the caſtle. Behind the woods,

woods, the Avon, which had almoſt deſerted us ſince our leaving Fordingbridge, ſauntered in ſweet ſerpentines up the lovely vale; while the diſtance was compoſed of the hills of White pariſh, and ended with the woody promontories of the New Foreſt.

From the ſpot at which we viewed this manſion, its wings appeared to terminate with two round towers, pictureſque in a diſtance, and pleaſing, I doubt not, when near.—Its ſituation is low;—it is however a conſpicuous object from the hills, for many miles round.—We ſaw it from the ſummit of White-pariſh hill, and afterwards from the oppoſite plains, in our route from Saliſbury to Stonehenge.

The day beginning to cloſe apace, we had not time to view the inſide of it, which we much regretted, as we were informed that his lordſhip's collection of pictures is well worth ſeeing.

The road from lord Radnor's to Saliſbury is finely touched by Nature.—The wood, that

that diſplayed inceſſant beauties to our ſight, was rurally enlivened by a buſy mill, and formed a pleaſing ſcene.

A variety of objects continued to entertain us till we arrived at the ſummit of a ſmall hill, from which we had a view of the city of Saliſbury.—In one of the loveliеſt vallies England can boaſt, well verdured with towering oaks and elms, and equally well watered, ſtands that city.

Its appearance from this point affords but an indifferent idea of its extenſiveneſs.—Its aſpect is not ſo confuſed as many large towns, but rather grand and agreeable to the ſight. In ſhort, Saliſbury is one of thoſe cities that a general view of cannot fail of giving ſatisfaction to the moſt travelled ſpectator.—The ſpire of its cathedral, as well as its parochial churches, exalting their towers above the ſurrounding trees, are objects that demonſtrate its extent, without offending by their confuſion.—The valley likewiſe, down which the Avon winds,

drops

drops before the woody ſcreens, and continually amuſes the eye.

We found the ſoil here to conſiſt of a different ſubſtance from any we had lately paſſed ;—an almoſt entire chalk clothed the ſurface of the road throughout the whole of the way, over the downs, to Saliſbury.

The moſt diſtant hills towards Devizes (or, as it is uſually termed, *the* Devizes,) did not appear to us to exceed in height the pinnacle of the cathedral ;—and afterwards, on our arrival at Stonehenge, from the curſory view we had of it, we were further convinced of the great height of the ſpire.—We were informed that it is viſible on that road at the diſtance of eighteen miles.—But if we conſider the depth of the vallies between thoſe two places for the firſt nine miles, the computed diſtance of Stonehenge from Saliſbury, it cannot exceed ſix miles in a parallel line ; and the remaining part of the eighteen miles will of courſe be proportionably ſhortened.

The moſt pleaſant and pictureſque view of Saliſbury, and of the copious valley in which it lies, that fell under our notice, was from White-pariſh hill.—The promontories of Alderbury common harmoniouſly break the lines, and form a noble offskip.—Nor are the plains beyond them leſs engaging ;—they riſe boldly, and ſweeping in elegant forms, at laſt loſe themſelves in the horizon.

This ſpecies of diſtant ſubjects we find the pencil of Claude Lorraine particularly happy in.—Whenever he painted a diſtance for a landſcape, he ſeems ſtudiouſly to have watched the varying operations of Nature, and obſerved that *minutiæ* of blending the earth with the atmoſphere.

Theſe ſcenes are frequently ſeen in an open country, both at the dawn of day and the cloſe of the evening.—In many parts of Scotland, when the dewy ſubſtances begin to lower upon the mountains, the peaſants who are at a diſtance from home, aware of the approaching darkneſs,

darkneſs, repair with all ſpeed to their cottages and cabbins; and the traveller haſtens to the next town.

There is alſo another ſtile of painting practiſed by that great maſter, which convinces me of the beauty every picture receives by blending the aërial texture with the groſſer elements, and that is in his ſea pieces; in which he peculiarly excelled; and wherever he introduced a miſt or ſunſet on the water, he ſo ſoftly touched objects on it, and in ſuch fine harmony, that he always conveyed more to the mind than he expreſſed on the canvas.

His ſtile of painting, though undoubtedly admired by all, is in general copied but by few.—We find many modern artiſts who never think of paying any attention to this ſubject,—I mean that of painting a diſtance.

I ſeldom recollect to have ſeen any conſiderable diſtance in Mr. Morland's works; the want of which I frequently regret. Since the deceaſe of Mr. Gainſborough, I

I may ſafely avow this artiſt to be as correct an Engliſh copier of Nature as any of the preſent time.—Indeed, from the obſervations I have been able to make when I have compared his pieces with the productions of Nature, as I have frequently done, I think I may pronounce him to be unrivalled.

Saliſbury plain, and the country around it have, as a leading feature, very extenſive diſtances;—many of them too much ſo;—but thoſe which look towards Hampſhire are all that the pallet can wiſh.

SECTION

SECTION XXXII.

DECLINING an eaſy deſcent, we entered Saliſbury by two bridges that croſs the river.—The entrance to this city, at firſt ſight, muſt prepoſſeſs a ſtranger in its favour.—On the left-hand a rampart or wall with battlements, runs between a ſtream of clear water and the road, which encompaſſes what is termed the cloſe; within this the cathedral ſtands. Clear ſtreams of water paſs through almoſt every ſtreet in Saliſbury;—and in many of them there is one on each ſide.

The cloſe is principally inhabited by the gentry, and thoſe who officiate at the cathedral; the eſtabliſhment of which conſiſts of a biſhop, dean, precentor, chancellor, three archdeacons, a ſubdean, a ſubchanter, forty-five prebendaries, ſix vicars, ſix ſinging men, eight choriſters, an organiſt, and other officers.

The firſt founder of the preſent cathedral was

was biſhop Poore, who carried it on during his life time; but it was not till forty years after, and having been under the directions of two others, that it was finiſhed by Giles de Bridport, the biſhop of the dioceſe at that time.

Like many other of our ancient cathedrals and churches, it is built in the form of a croſs.—The architecture of it is ſimple and ſlight.—The ſpire, though ſo high, appears to be ſtill unſhaken by time. To inſure its perpetuity, it was coated by ſir Chriſtopher Wren with plates of iron, and with bandages of the ſame.—By means of this proceſs, according to the opinion of thoſe who have ſurveyed it, it is rendered as firm and durable as when firſt erected.

We here unfortunately again traced that feeble method of beautifying we have ſo often cenſured.—Within theſe few years, the principal part of the inſide of this cathedral has been white-waſhed, and of courſe blemiſhed.—And in endeavouring to imitate the intervening lines between each ſtone, they

they have drawn large diſproportionate black lines;—evidently the effect of miſtake and ignorance.

Under theſe roofs are not to be traced the remains of ſo many crowned heads as we noticed in the cathedral at Wincheſter. We find that king Henry the Second ſummoned his parliament to meet him here; and this was done in ſeveral of the ſubſequent reigns; yet Saliſbury was never regarded by the early ſovereigns with that attention Wincheſter appears to have been.—Whether this proceeded from the latter city lying nearer to the ſea, or to its being a place of greater antiquity, and the ancient ſeat of the Weſt Saxon kings, I will not take upon me to determine.

The moſt particular object that attracted our attention in the cathedral of Saliſbury, was the ſtained-glaſs windows by Mr. Pearſon, the ſubject "Moſes and the Brazen Serpent;" after a drawing by Mortimer.—This being a preſent to the church by the earl of Radnor, his lordſhip's arms were placed over

over it;—but during a tempeſtuous night, the latter were blown down and daſhed to pieces.

We were informed that this building contains as many windows as there are days in the year;—as many marble pillars as there are hours;—and as many gates as there are lunar revolutions. The taſk of proving the truth of theſe trivial remarks we had neither time nor inclination to undertake.

Its external appearance in general is gay, light, and airy;—the deſign delicate, and finely touched;—neatneſs the prevailing idea;—and a thorough knowledge of true taſte conſpicuous in every part.

As the interior parts have nothing very intereſting in them to boaſt of, particularly in the monumental way, the chief of which conſiſt of the remains of ſome of its biſhops, and a few nobles of no very conſiderable note, we ſhall not enter into a minute deſcription of them.

The

The city of New Sarum, or Saliſbury, is a regular, clean, and beautiful ſpot.—The buildings are in general low, but uniform, except in the cloſe, where they rather reſemble in quietneſs and gentility the parts leading out of Portman-ſquare, and ſome others at the weſt end of London.

The market-place likewiſe forms a ſpacious ſquare, and gives an airy lightneſs to the whole city.—At the ſouth-ſide of it, till lately, ſtood the town-hall; but not long ago it was conſumed by fire.—Since which, the earl of Radnor has liberally granted his ſupport and encouragement towards building a new one. When we were there, the foundation only was laid; but according to the information we received from a gentleman in the architectural line, reſident in Saliſbury, we are enabled to ſay, that the plan after which it is to be built, is at once convenient and elegant.

The manufactures of Saliſbury conſiſt of flannels and cloths;—beſides which it has for many years acquired a name, and not

 without

without a juſt pretenſion to it, for having arrived at a very great degree of perfection in the finiſhing of cutlery and jewellery.

In the poliſh of ſteel we had always heard that they diſplayed uncommon ſkill; particularly in ſciſſars, for the beauty of which their fame far extends; but we never heard till now the reaſon of their being ſold at ſo extravagant a price as the moſt curious of them are.

Among other anecdotes which are related by the people of the town to account for it, ſtrangers are told, upon expreſſing a ſurprize at the great price that is demanded for ſciſſars, that the famous Nell Gwynn gave fifty pounds for a pair.—That the implements of this ſort made here are of an excellent quality, there is no doubt; but why the example of that celebrated demirep ſhould have any influence in exciting the ladies of the preſent times to give an extravagant price for them, is yet to be accounted for.

Nor is the care they take to render the articles they deal in ſuperior to thoſe of other manufacturers leſs conſpicuous than their attention in vending them;—their ſhops are no leſs brilliant than their goods are valuable. The exhibition of their wares exceeds almoſt any thing we ſee in London; and taſte without tawdrineſs is diſplayed by the generality of the ſhopkeepers.

This city ſends two members to parliament, and is governed by a mayor, a high ſteward, a recorder, a deputy recorder, twenty-four aldermen, thirty common-council men, a town clerk, and three ſerjeants at mace.

I muſt not omit one peculiarity (and a praiſe-worthy peculiarity it is) relative to Saliſbury, before we take our leave of it.—Much to the credit of the corporation, at every avenue of the city is written in large characters, an order for the non-admiſſion of vagrants and itinerants of all deſcriptions.—And in conſequence of this regulation, duly inforced, a beggar, that common

peſt to many other *ſeemingly* well-regulated cities, is ſcarcely ever to be ſeen in it.—An example, that if more generally followed, would put a ſtop in a great meaſure to the impoſitions of that moſt uſeleſs and undeſerving claſs of the ſociety, common mendicants; who too often avert the ſtream of charity from more worthy objects.

We found Saliſbury to contain a greater number of polite and reſpectable inhabitants than moſt inland towns or cities uſually do; the trade of it is conſequently in a flouriſhing ſtate, and peace and plenty ſeem to have taken up their abode within its boundaries.

About a mile to the northward of the city lies Old Sarum; a ſpot that for its antiquity could not fail of attracting our attention.—It was undoubtedly a place of conſiderable conſequence in the time of the Romans, and probably was held before by the Britons. The former had a ſtation here, and they gave a judicious proof of their well-known military experience in fixing on this ſpot, as from its elevated

elevated ſituation it commands the greateſt part of the adjacent country.—The name given to it by the Romans was *Sorbiodunum*; and their great road, called Ikening-ſtreet, extended to its eaſtern gate.

We here found the opinion we had entertained relative to the citadel of Cariſbrook caſtle confirmed. Even though the heighth of this fortreſs is conſiderably greater than that of the before mentioned caſtle, yet there are ſeveral wells in it, which appear to have formerly had a ſufficient ſupply of water.—And as theſe wells were undoubtedly ſunk by the Romans for the accommodation of the garriſon, there is the greateſt probability from the ſimilarity of every circumſtance, that the well at Cariſbrook was alſo dug by that people; and that the fortreſs, of courſe, had been in their poſſeſſion.

This antique place has furniſhed a ſubject of ſpeculation for the antiquarians of theſe latter ages.—Indeed the venerable appearance of its remains render it worthy of their minuteſt reſearches.—If not a Britiſh,

it

it is allowed to have been a Roman fortreſs; —and afterwards becoming a ſtation of greater conſequence to that people, it remained in their poſſeſſion till the whole of their forces were withdrawn from Britain.

In the year 960 we find it to be a place of no little conſideration, as king Edgar aſſembled here that council (by whatever name it was then diſtinguiſhed) which had, under the regal authority, the regulation of the public concerns of the Saxons.

In the year 1003 Swaine, king of Denmark, made an incurſion on this part of the Engliſh coaſt, as a retaliation for the general maſſacre of the Danes, which had juſt before happened; and having pillaged and burnt this place, he returned to his ſhips with great wealth.

Notwithſtanding this demolition, and the obſcurity in which it was of courſe inveloped for ſome years, William the Conqueror received here, as well as at Barking in Eſſex,

the

the oath of allegiance from the different orders of his new ſubjects.

Some ſay that at this place the firſt public meeting which bore any reſemblance to the preſent parliament, was held; king Henry the Firſt having ſummoned the lords ſpiritual and temporal to meet him there.

During the time Old Sarum was in a flouriſhing ſtate, the cathedral belonging to the dioceſe was here; but diſputes ariſing between the clergy and the garriſon, (which had been placed in it by king Stephen, who was at variance with the biſhop) the latter, with his canons, formed the reſolution of retiring to ſome other place; and to this they were further induced by the ſcantineſs of the water to be found on the top of ſo high a hill.

This reſolution however, could not be carried into execution till the reign of Henry the Third; when biſhop Poore fixed on a ſpot about a mile and a half to the ſouth-

eaſt

eaſt of the old town, where he laid the foundation of a cathedral, which in about forty years, as before obſerved, became the magnificent ſtructure now in being, and gave riſe to the city of New Sarum, or Saliſbury. But it was not until the time of Henry the Seventh, that Old Sarum was quite deſerted.

The hill on which this city ſtood is perfectly round, and when in its proſperity a lofty caſtle roſe in its centre, which muſt have afforded a noble appearance.—Its diameter was near two thouſand feet, which was ſurrounded by a foſſe, or ditch of great depth, and likewiſe by two ramparts, the inner and the outer.—On the inner ſtood a wall compoſed of flint and chalk ſtrongly cemented together, quite round the top of which was a parapet with battlements.

In the centre of the whole circumference, on the very ſummit of the hill, ſtood the citadel or caſtle; ſurrounded with a very deep intrenchment, and high rampart.—Between the rampart of the caſtle and the outer

outer rampart ſtood the city, which was divided into equal parts, on the north and ſouth.—Near the middle of each diviſion was a gate, which were the two grand entrances.—Theſe were directly oppoſite to each other, and each had a tower, and a mole of great ſtrength before it.—Beſides theſe there were ten other towers, at equal diſtances, quite round the city; and over againſt them, in a line with the caſtle, were built the principal ſtreets, interſected in the middle with one grand circular ſtreet that went quite round.

The walls, ramparts, and entrenchments by which it was every where defended, added to its elevated ſituation, rendered it to all appearance impregnable to any attacks that could be made upon it from without;—by famine or mutiny could it alone be endangered.

Such once was the city of Old Sarum; but of all this ſtrength and ſplendour, ſcarce a veſtige now remains.—Some appearance of both, however, is ſtill viſible; and from the

ruins of it, what it once was, is readily to be conceived by every curious ſpectator.

Throughout nearly the whole of the ſurrounding plains this ſpot is to be ſeen, eſpecially on the roads that lead to Devizes and Andover.

Sorry I am to be able to add, that this deſerted borough ſends two members to parliament. So that one ſolitary farm-houſe and its humble occupiers, conſequently have as great a ſhare in the repreſentation of the kingdom, as moſt of the principal towns and cities. Of courſe it may be ſuppoſed to be the rotteneſt borough in all England.

SECTION XXXIII.

RETURNING to New Sarum, we took the road that leads to Stonehenge; a place more famous for its antiquity than that we have been juſt deſcribing; and no leſs noted for the various opinions that have been entertained of its origin and deſign.

The downs we now aſcended, whatever might have been ſaid or written in their favour, appeared to us to be, as Dr. Goldſmith deſcribes Campania's plain to be,

> "A dreary waſte expanded to the ſkies."
>
> THE TRAVELLER.

It is true, that long before we viſited theſe plains we had heard of the beautiful views they afforded; but throughout the whole of the way between Saliſbury and Stonehenge, a ſpace of nearly nine miles, I will venture to ſay I never beheld a more comfortleſs extenſion of uncouth, barren, unpictureſque ſubject in my life.

I think I may defy the Highlands of Scotland to exhibit a ſcene half ſo wearifome.—Thoſe mountains, by all the accounts I ever

heard, riſe with majeſty and boldneſs;—but the plains of Sarum are mean, though extenſive, and confuſed without beauty.

Dr. Johnſon, with a degree of ſatyrical virulence that does him no great credit, aſſerted that the northern parts of Scotland could not boaſt of an oak to match the ſtick with which he ſupported himſelf during his tour to the Highlands;—but Saliſbury plain ſcarcely produces a ſwitch or ſhrub ſubſtantial enough to have given him the merited chaſtiſement for ſo ill-natured and national an obſervation.

But to proceed to Stonehenge; the celebrated remains of which have excited not only the reſearches of the antiquarian, but the curioſity of every curious traveller.

The plains on which they ſtand, and which are known by the general denomination of Saliſbury plain, extend near fifty miles in length, from eaſt to weſt, and in ſome places from thirty-five to forty in breadth.

The parts near Saliſbury conſiſt of a chalky

chalky down; and other parts are famous for feeding numerous flocks of ſheep, ſome of which amount to many hundreds. A great number of barrows, the remains of temples, and the traces of many Britiſh, Roman, Saxon, and Daniſh camps and fortifications, are ſcattered over them.

The beſt place to turn off for Stonehenge is near the ſix-mile ſtone on the Devizes road; inclining rather to the north-eaſt.—The track of a wheel from thence will prove the beſt guide.

In traverſing this intermediate ſpace, we obſerved a great number of barrows.—Theſe barrows, ſome of which are raiſed above the level of the ground from ſix to ſeven feet or more, are compoſed of a quantity of earth, and are ſuppoſed to be the burying places of Britiſh and Roman families.

They are perceivable all round Stonehenge, but do not extend to any conſiderable diſtance from it.—As we paſſed along, they appeared to be placed in a direct line; and,

and, from ſome objects which ſkirted the road, we had reaſon to believe that there was once a Roman cauſeway here.

Many of theſe barrows have been opened; in all of which, according to Dr. Stukely, the heads of the deceaſed appeared to have been placed towards the north.

Several had been opened by the doctor at the requeſt of the late earl of Pembroke, in ſome of which burnt bones were found incloſed in unbaked urns, and which, upon being expoſed to the air, almoſt inſtantaneouſly crumbled into their original compoſition.—Such of the contents as could be preſerved, were ſnatched from oblivion by the doctor.

Among them, a large braſs weapon reſembling a pole-axe, which weighed twenty pounds, was once in the poſſeſſion of colonel Wyndham.—Sir Hans Sloane had alſo a curious inſtrument in his cabinet from one of theſe receptacles.

Some of the barrows opened by the be-

fore-

fore-mentioned gentleman proved to have belonged to the Druids, or at leaſt to be Britiſh; but theſe contained only the bones of beaſts and fowls, moſt of which appeared to have been burnt.

The approach to Stonehenge is by the ſide of theſe barrows.—Its appearance is grand and pleaſant to the ſight, but does not ſeem to come up to the ideas that are generally formed of this ſtupendous heap of ſtones, before they are ſeen; but this might partly proceed from the extenſive plain on which they are ſituated, and which muſt tend to diminiſh their magnitude to the eye of the obſerver.—The real altitude of the higheſt of the ſtones does not exceed twenty feet, and many are not more than eighteen.

Several writers having treated largely of this immenſe pile, we ſhall not enter on a minute deſcription of it, but content ourſelves with curſory obſervations.

Among thoſe who have written concerning it are Camden, Gibbon, Jones, Sammes, and Webb.—But Dr. Stukely ſeems beſt entitled

entitled to our belief, had he not given us room to doubt the truth of what he has ſaid, by publiſhing an exact repreſentation of the ſuppoſed original ſtate of the place, as well as of its preſent appearance;—a knowledge of the former it is impoſſible at this day to acquire.

And he even ſeems, in my opinion, to have procured the chief of his information from other authors; to which he has added his own ſentiments, and thoſe founded upon very ſlight materials.—I muſt however agree with him, that Stonehenge was the principal temple of the Druids in England.

I have often conſidered the ingenuity of placing thoſe ſtones which are laid upon the top of the others as trivial, when compared to raiſing thoſe which are placed perpendicular.—The former might have been effected by the ſimple mechaniſm of wedges, or other methods; but the poſition of the latter was certainly brought about by means that are at this time entirely loſt to us.

Various are the conjectures relative to the

the place from whence the enormous ſtones which conſtitute this temple were originally procured.—It is the general opinion that they were brought from Aubery near Marlborough, where there are an infinite number of the ſame kind of ſtones, which are called grey weathers.—But I own I cannot help thinking, if they are not compoſition, that they owe their exiſtence to a ſpot much nearer their preſent ſituation than that, though no traces of the place, from its having been long filled up, and overgrown by the turf, are now to be perceived.—The diſtance of Aubery, and the great difficulty of conveying, for ſo conſiderable a length of way, ſuch ponderous ſtones, ſeems to make againſt the ſuppoſition.

The building is circular; and about one hundred and nine feet in diameter; but the ſtones, as before obſerved, vary in height; ſo that there is reaſon to believe it never was covered. A few years ago one of the ſtones was ſo nicely poiſed on the back of another, that the touch of the finger would alter its poſition; it is, however, now more firmly fixed in the earth.

Dr. Stukely is ſaid to have counted all the ſtones; a taſk which the common people of thoſe parts think is not to be accompliſhed, and confirm this aſſertion with ſome corobborating anecdotes. He likewiſe meaſured the length, breadth, and depth of every one of them; but as I make no pretenſions to antiquarian knowledge, what I have ſaid on the ſubject has only been the obſervations I made during the ſhort view we took of them, and concluſions drawn from the remarks of others.

The laſt peculiarity that I remarked in theſe ſtones was their durability.—Their ſurfaces are almoſt impenetrable to the utmoſt efforts of the chiſſel and mallet.—To this the weather has not a little contributed; —their conſtant expoſure to it ſeems to have produced this firmneſs of texture.—They appeared to be coated with a fine diminutive moſs; and are rather ſoft than harſh in their colouring.

This heap of ſtones was originally called Ambres, but they are ſuppoſed to have received their preſent name of *Stonehenge*, either

ther from the ſwinging ſtone before mentioned, or from thoſe which are placed upon the tops of the others.—Overhanging precipices, in the northern parts of the kingdom, ſtill bear the name of *henges*.

The morning on which we viewed them was wet and ſtormy; I could therefore only make a haſty ſketch of this celebrated ſtructure. Before I had an opportunity of forming from occular demonſtration a juſt idea of it, I had ſeen ſeveral deſigns, but none that I can recollect in the point of view here given.

During the ſtorm, a poor old ſhepherd, whoſe appearance was almoſt as antiquated, and rather more defaced by time than the ſtones themſelves, retired to them for ſhelter from the turbulence of the weather.

His viſage ſeemed to ſay that he had ſeen happier days.—Care ſat upon his brow, accompanied by Humility, for he very ſubmiſſively begged to hold our horſes, while we ſurveyed the enormous fabric.

Whenever things ſo out of the common line fall in my way, I cannot paſs them by unnoticed; this poor old man therefore engaged for ſome time as much of our attention as the maſſive ſtones did; and we could not forbear enquiring into the circumſtances of his life.

He told us he had attended a flock of ſheep on theſe plains for above fifty years; during which period, he ſaid he could not recollect that he had known an hour's illneſs, or abſented himſelf from his occupation for a ſingle day, let the weather be ever ſo cold or tempeſtuous; and all this for the ſcanty pittance of three ſhillings and ſixpence per week.—"Theſe hardſhips, however," continued the hoary ſhepherd, "are nothing to the ſufferings I underwent before I ſought for peace on theſe ſolitary plains.—I ſuffered through youthful ſincerity;—the recollection ſtill pains me.—You ſeem to intereſt yourſelves, gentlemen, in my ſorrows,—but my ſtory is too long to be related in ſuch a bluſterous hour as this."

And ſo indeed it muſt have been: therefore as

as ſoon as we had taken ſuch a ſurvey of the place as the weather would permit, we bade adieu to the poor old ſhepherd, and tying down our hats with our handkerchiefs, made the beſt of our way towards Ameſbury; a place about two miles diſtant, ſituated on the banks of the Avon.

As we left the place, we could not help drawing a compariſon between the hoary inhabitant of theſe downs, and the venerable remains of antiquity by which he ſtood.—While one at the age of ſeventy-five was bending under the weight of age and infirmity, his fellow natives of the plains, remained nearly in the ſame ſtate they had done for more than ſeventeen hundred years; and ſeemed likely to withſtand the ravages of time for a much longer period.

It is not in our power to give our readers any account of the diſtant views that might be viſible from this ſpot;—ſuffice it to ſay, that all around us appeared dreary, and was made ſtill more ſo by the ſtorm.

Ambroſbury, or Ameſbury, a place likewiſe

wiſe well known to antiquarians, is thought by ſome to have derived its name from its vicinity to Ambres, the ancient denomination of Stonehenge.—By others it is ſuppoſed to have been ſo named after Ambroſius Aurelianus, the celebrated Britiſh general, who, on the declenſion of the Roman empire, aſſumed the government of theſe parts, and founded a monaſtery of Benedictine monks here, that gave riſe to the town.

Queen Elfrida, the wife of king Edgar, to expiate her crime in cauſing her ſon-in-law, Edward the Martyr, to be treacherouſly aſſaſſinated, converted the monaſtery into a nunnery. It had likewiſe the honour to be made the reſidence of another queen; and that was Eleanor, widow of Henry the Third. —Afterwards Mary, daughter of Edward the Firſt, accompanied by the daughters of ſeveral noblemen, retired to this convent. —At the time of the diſſolution, the nuns, who amounted to ſixteen in number, had annuities granted them for their lives. Its revenue was then valued at 495l. 15s. 2d. or, according to Speed, at about 558l.

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The ſituation of Ameſbury is beautifully pictureſque.—But we generally find that the ſituation of a town, through which a river flows, is agreeable, if not pictureſque. —The woody banks of the Avon pleaſingly ſkirt its clear ſtream.—Indeed the whole of the way along the ſide of the river, down to Saliſbury, is a perfect picture.

There is a ſeat here which belonged to the late duke of Queenſbury, built by Inigo Jones.—It contained, as we were informed, many things worthy of inſpection, but the badneſs of the day, prevented our viſiting it.

In this town was born that elegant writer, and worthy man, Mr. Addiſon. He was ſon of the reverend Mr. Launcelot Addiſon, the rector of Ameſbury; and attracted ſo much notice by his writings, which even at this time are conſidered as ſome of the fineſt compoſitions in the Engliſh language, that he was raiſed to many eminent ſtations, till at length he became one of the principal ſecretaries of ſtate to king George the Firſt.

SECTION

SECTION XXXIV.

FROM Ameſbury we purſued our courſe along the banks of the Avon, back again to Saliſbury; but could derive ſcarcely any ſatisfaction, through the turbulence of the weather, which would not permit us to view a ſingle object to any advantage.—However, what we did ſee convinced us that beauty is continually to be met with wherever a river's meandering ſtream is to be purſued.

When we ſat out from Saliſbury, we determined only to purſue the courſe of the Avon as far as Ameſbury; otherwiſe I am convinced we ſhould have found other, and perhaps greater beauties.

On our return to Saliſbury, before we entered the city, we had from the vale a fine proſpect of Old Sarum.—From hence it aſſumed a degree of grandeur; but appeared rather too lumpiſh for ſtrict pictureſque principles.

As

As we had already ſatisfied our curioſity with regard to Saliſbury, we paſſed through it, and entering the London road, rode on to Andover, a town which lies about eighteen miles from the before-mentioned place.

On this road the plains extend the whole of the way to a place called Middle Wallop, and exhibit a dreary ſcene, without a principal feature to beam pleaſure on the eye.—It is a continued ſameneſs;—hill after hill meanly riſing till they reach the horizon.

We do not recollect ſeeing more than one houſe during the whole of the way acroſs the plain; and that ſtands about eight miles from Sarum.—A few plots of ground near the road appear to be cultivated; and if due attention were paid to the ſoil of theſe parts, there is not the leaſt doubt but it would anſwer the expectations of the cultivator.

Middle Wallop is ſituated on the declivity of a hill, and at its entrance exhibits a pleaſin appearance.

We reached Andover before ſun ſet.—The novelties of this town are but few, and ſcarcely worthy of notice.—The adjacent country is pleaſant, and, according to all accounts, well ſtocked with game.—I muſt, however, do this town the juſtice to mention, that it is a large and populous place. A manufacture of ſhalloons is carried on in it, and a very conſiderable quantity of malt made. It was incorporated by queen Elizabeth, and is governed by a bailiff, a ſteward, a recorder, two juſtices, and twenty-two capital burgeſſes.

From thence we purſued the road to Baſingſtoke; which nearly lies at the ſame diſtance from Andover, that Andover does from Saliſbury.—The chief part of this road lies between hedge-rows.—Nor does there appear to be any particular feature in the country worthy of being noticed.

Baſingſtoke is a place of ſome antiquity, but in itſelf is a dirty, irregularly-built town. It is however large and populous, and governed by a mayor, a recorder, ſeven aldermen,

aldermen, and ſeven capital burgeſſes.—Beſides the pariſh church, there are the ruins of a chapel built by the firſt lord Sandys, in the reign of Henry the Eighth. The principal trade carried on here is for malt.

From Baſingſtoke we croſſed the country to Farnham.—Though frequently cloſed in on both ſides, we had convincing proofs of that pre-eminence which the country near Farnham has over every track we had paſſed ſince we left Saliſbury.

On our return to this town, we had the pleaſure of viewing Mr. S. Elmer's collection of pictures;—a collection ſelected with ſo much judgment, that it would grace the manſion of a nobleman.

We much regret that time would not permit us to take a more deliberate view of them;—our deſcription of them will conſequently be leſs accurate and minute than we could wiſh it to be.

Among the firſt which attracted our no-

tice, was a piece by Nicholas Pouſſin;—it is a fine large picture—the ſubject allegorical.—The drawing is exquiſite, and the colouring equal to it.

I have ſeen pictures by this maſter that have ſold for three hundred guineas; but, in my opinion, were thoſe to be ſet in competition with this, the ſuperiority would be ſo evident, that it would be valued at five times that ſum.

I remember one that was exhibited in Pall-mall, to which I think the ſum of ſeven hundred guineas was affixed as its price.—It was, I ſuppoſe, conſidered as ſomething very wonderful.—And ſo it ought to be, as ſuch a price was demanded for it.—The piece in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Elmer, is a *chef d'œuvre* among Pouſſin's works, and equal to any ſchool, whether ancient or modern. And excepting the triumph of Bacchus, and its companion the ſame of Silenus, I think this may rank as his next.

There are many others, pictures of equal merit

merit in their way.—Nor are Mr. Elmer's own performances to be ranked in the ſecond claſs.—The allowed ſuperiority of this gentleman's works over thoſe of every living artiſt in his line, undoubtedly entitled him to the honour of having the letters R. A. affixed to his name.—After labouring ſo many years, and having afforded ſo much ſatisfaction to the public, his aſſiduity and ſkill, in my opinion, certainly entitle him to the diſtinction.—But prejudice and ingratitude have hitherto proved a bar to that claim.

As an additional title to it, let it be remembered, that he is a *general* painter.—His beggars and other portraits, particularly the politician, engraved by Mr. Ryder, met, many years ago, with no inconſiderable degree of praiſe.—Notwithſtanding which, and that he is haſtening faſt towards fourſcore, we ſee him neglected, and overlooked by the academy.—But Mr. Elmer is not ſingular; Mr. Wright of Derby has experienced treatment of as partial a nature.

Having

Having in the firſt part of our Tour mentioned every particular relative to Farnham which fell under our obſervation, we ſhall now confine ourſelves to a deſcription of the valley lying between that town and Guilford; as that was the chief object which induced us to return by this road to London.

Aſcending the ridge of hills, known by the name of the Hog's Back, we found the view from it much more agreeable and pictureſque, than we had entertained an idea of.

The commencement of this range of hills on the right-hand, is at Moor Park; where they ſpring in pleaſing and various forms.—The only apparent deficiency is the want of water in the valley.—The diſtances in Suſſex riſe with ſplendour, and exhibit ſcenes grand enough for the pencil of Mr. Loutherbourgh.—A ſweet ſucceſſion of this ſcenery laſted the whole of the way to Guilford.

On the left-hand, the country and the views

views were of a very different kind.—A plain flat valley extends for a number of miles; ſo that the eye can diſtinctly preceive from the hill the Thames near Windſor.—It can likewiſe diſcern, with equal readineſs, all the ſmooth ſurfaces of heath and foreſt for full twenty miles diſtant.

This kind of landſcape is ſeldom courted by artiſts.—Where a long diſtance preſents itſelf, we generally find a confuſion of objects. But here, on the contrary, it is rather too diſtinct for the canvas. The country on our left continued likewiſe to preſent a ſimilar appearance the whole of the way to Guilford.

We do not recollect ſeeing ſuch a contraſt of landſcape in all Hampſhire.—It was pleaſing to view, on both ſides, but not alike formed for the pencil.—The right-hand ſcreen was bold with jutting knolls, and woody promontories;—the oppoſite was an extenſive plain.

From Guilford we continued our route to London

London by way of Kingſton.—A ſameneſs of paltry hedge-rows extended all the way till we paſſed near Oatlands;—there a ſpacious heath encountered the ſight, and lined the road for ſome diſtance.

Paſſing Eſher and Cobham, we arrived at Kingſton. On riſing the hill beyond the town, we had an engaging view down the vale through which the Thames meanders, and it was the only one that had given us any ſatisfaction ſince our leaving Guilford.

Our journey now drew towards a concluſion.—Croſſing Putney common, we paſſed over Fulham bridge, and entered London at the ſame avenue by which we had left it, namely, Hyde-park Corner.

FINIS.